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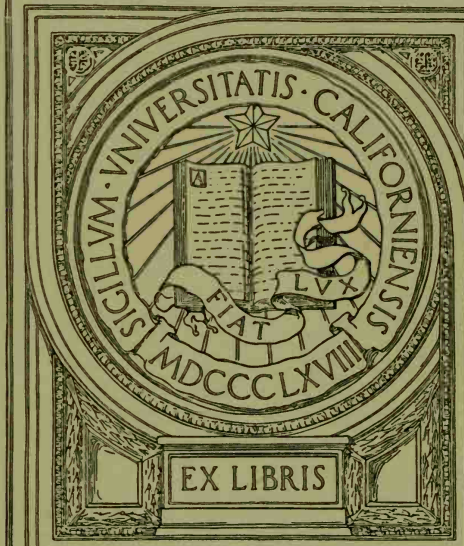

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By C. Hanford Henderson

PAY-DAY.
THE LIGHTED LAMP.
JOHN PERCYFIELD.
THE CHILDREN OF GOOD FORTUNE.
EDUCATION AND THE LARGER LIFE.

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PAY-DAY

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BY

C. HANFORD HENDERSON

"Thou shalt not steal"

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PAY-DAY

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I

EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY

EDUCATION has been until recently the concern of those who were quite ignorant of Industry. It was almost exclusively their concern. And this ignorance of Industry was not only a matter of fact, but also the result of intention. The educated classes prided themselves upon their ignorance. They neither knew how food was produced, and clothing made, and shelter provided, and tools and apparatus fashioned, nor did they propose to find out. It did not interest them. Such matters were the proper business of the lower classes. It was this attitude towards Industry that made the ignorance of the educated classes so significant. Nor can it be said that such an attitude is extinct, even in our own day. On the contrary, it is still in evidence in certain social classes in Europe, and is being cultivated, by imitation, in some aspiring classes in America.

At the same time, Industry has been the major and almost exclusive concern of those who were quite devoid of Education. The industrial classes were not only ignorant of all the larger intellectual processes, but in the main they were also destitute of any curiosity concerning them, or any expectation of ever sharing them. It might even be said, perhaps, that they lacked all desire for the intellectual life. It was this attitude towards Education, this combined apathy and hopelessness, that made the ignorance of the industrial classes so significant. Education was neither a possession in the present, nor an ambition for the future. Nor can it be said that such an attitude has wholly disappeared. We still have with us multitudes of persons who regard Education as something quite superfluous and useless, unless you mean to be a school-teacher, or otherwise get your living by it. Then indeed it has a certain trade value, but you must treat it as such, and carefully hide it outside of working hours.

I have known mechanics to decline educational advantages for their children, on the ground that if educated, they would be tempted to look down upon their parents; just as I have known fine ladies and gentlemen to scorn all knowledge of industrial

processes on the ground that, after all, it was a poor and vulgar sort of knowledge.

It is needless to say that by Education I mean the formal process of culture, and not the unofficial knowledge and dexterity which spring from the experiences of daily life, and from the pursuit of the chosen craft. Nor is it necessary to add that by Industry I do not mean industriousness, but rather the sum of all those varied activities of both hand and head which have one and the same goal, — daily bread-and-butter.

The separation of Education and Industry is a long and complicated story. It represents one of the many mischievous results of our excessive division of labor. As the more primitive and necessary social element, Industry was, of course, the first in the field. Education grew out of it and out of that precious economic leisure which Industry made possible. Looking back, we may say with more assurance than is commonly permissible in such long retrospects, that this separation of Education and Industry ought never to have taken place. They have a common purpose, — human welfare, — and they can achieve it only when working hand in hand. But the separation was inevitable, as soon as the idea of government and con-

quest had become formulated; as soon as certain men conceived it to be their mission to delegate their share of bread-labor to others, and to devote themselves to governing and fighting and studying and other superior pursuits. I do not say for a moment that some such differentiation of social functions ought not to have taken place. But the grave defect was in the manner of the differentiation. The line of functional cleavage was drawn between individuals in the same society, so cutting society up into specialized fragments, and losing that complete and god-like thing, a Man.

The line of functional cleavage ought to have been drawn between the passing years in the life of the same individual. This would have given us a proper division of labor without our present unfortunate division of the laborer. There is a time for formal Education, for Industry, for pleasure, for research, for wise counsels, for exercise, for loving, for begetting children, for folding the hands in the presence of death. But these times and seasons ought not to come to different men. They ought to come to all men, at different periods in their own individual lives. The effect would then be cumulative. The work of the world would still get done. But it would be an experience, a

discipline, an education, a joy. Best of all, that greatest work in all the world — the production of a complete Man — would then be under way. The separation of Education and Industry came about only when Education was formalized and the principle of the division of labor was allowed to run its unguided, unintelligent course.

I need not enlarge upon the evils of this separation. I need only remark that it has given us our present unsocial world, so big with the possibility of joy, so burdened with the reality of suffering.

Such a separation still holds in all undemocratic countries, and therefore notably in our own. But it has never been acceptable to the best conscience of the age. The proposal to educate the workers, though a very recent one, is nevertheless very persistent. It found expression in the nineteenth century in that propaganda for free schools which represents one of the most significant social features of the century. Our own so-called public schools stand as the more or less successful answer which America has offered to this demand. But now a new element has come into the problem. The public schools have not been wholly satisfactory. They have failed to satisfy either the working or the academic classes. This discontent has led

to the formulating of a new and popular remedy which on all sides is being shouted from the housetops. It is now proposed not only to educate the workers, but to educate them *for their work*. In a word, the opening years of the twentieth century finds the educational world with this novel problem on its hands, — a modern partnership between Education and Industry.

That such a partnership is quite as inevitable as was their original separation, seems to me beyond question. Furthermore, it seems as desirable as their separation was undesirable. But the terms upon which the partnership is to be brought about constitute the real point at issue. It is quite conceivable that Education and Industry might be so yoked together as to produce highly mischievous results. The mere fact of such a union is far less significant than its manner and spirit. In the following pages I propose to inquire into the possibilities involved in such a partnership, and to point out, if I may, the proper terms of union. It is not a moment for partisanship. One does not hold a brief for Education, or a brief for Industry, or a brief for any other partial interest of humanity. What we all want is the realization of that well-ordered, humanized state about which socially-

minded persons always dream and for which they sometimes work.

In attempting to bring Education and Industry together once more, and to make sure that the result will be salutary, one must know something of the inner heart of each. We shall find, I think, that during their separation, vital changes were taking place in Industry quite as much as in Education. The separation was only possible at all when Education became formalized. It would be strange indeed if Industry had not suffered equally far-reaching changes. It is our business to find out what these changes were, and to know whether they were desert wanderings or genuine advance-marches on the road of progress.

It was said of our late Commissioner of Education that no investigation seemed to him quite complete unless it began at Adam and Eve. It might betoken a similar attitude of mind if one were to attempt an answer to such basal questions as, "What is Education?" and "What is Industry?" And yet, while these questions are far too large for our present inquiry and its reasonable limit, we must at least decide upon the characteristic of Education and the characteristic of Industry before we can profitably discuss the terms of

their proposed union. It may be that Education and Industry, as we now conceive them, are incapable of such a union; that it could only be brought about by the complete transformation of one or the other. In such a case it becomes a matter of grave social importance to discover which must be transformed — Education *or* Industry.

II

THE CHARACTERISTIC OF EDUCATION

EDUCATION is an ideal enterprise. It has to do with the human spirit, with changes to be brought about in the human spirit. It is therefore essentially concrete and personal. We might say at once that the main characteristic of Education is its concern for persons. Education has to do with the bodies of men and women and children; it has to do with their minds; above all, it has to do with their spirit.

The major concern of Education is to make a fairer world of persons. The eternal emphasis is human. Education, then, is not a social end. It is not some sacred idol that we are to fall down and worship, some distant goal that we are to move heaven and earth to attain. It is simply a process, a means to the social end, a road to God and enlightenment. It is the slow process by which all the forces of daily life are made to converge upon the human spirit and change it into something bigger and more effective.

Education has been defined as an inner revela-

tion, a rebirth. As such it is never finished. Personally I like to think of Education as the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit. It is a simple definition, but it places the emphasis just where we want it, — upon the growth of the human spirit and upon the continuity of the process.

This view of the personal character of Education needs constant restatement. On all sides there is a widespread and perhaps natural confusion in regard to the nature of Education. Education is stated to be many things that it is not. The elaborate curriculum is partly responsible for this confusion. The new Education, with its increased demand for utilitarian studies, is also partly responsible. It is too often forgotten that Education is this inner process, this continuous regeneration. It is too often assumed to be some superficial accomplishment, some bit of specific knowledge, some convenient training. As such, it might go along with great individual worthlessness. But this is not Education. It is mere surface acquisition, leaving the inner man quite untouched and unregenerate. From such products as these one turns by wholesome preference to those "powerful, uneducated persons" whose praises Whitman so vigorously chants.

CHARACTERISTIC OF EDUCATION

When one has said that the characteristic of Education is its concern for persons, one has said all that need be said. And yet to contrast Education with Industry and its ideals, it is well to be more specific.

Taking them in order, then, the first concern of Education is with human bodies, to make them fair, to make them full of health and skill. Much of our current Education falls short of this ideal, and so falls short of its own purpose. It turns out rather a sickly, spectacled crew, devoid alike of usefulness and of charm. But the defect has been recognized, and a practical effort is now being made to correct the defect. By exercise, fresh air, baths, proper diet, we are trying to make our children strong. By manual training, drawing, music, gymnastics, nature-work, we are trying to give them skill. Through health and accomplishment we are trying to make them more beautiful and more lovable.

The first concern of Education is assuredly with human bodies. It is an essential element in Education that nothing shall be done to harm or mutilate the body; that, on the contrary, everything shall be done to strengthen it, to purify it, to beautify it, to train it. No theory or practice in

Education is acceptable which does not further superb human bodies for men and women and children; which does not make for one class — the class of beautiful and accomplished persons.

And the second concern of Education is with the human mind. It is the mighty concern of Education to make the human mind strong, to set it free, to give it god-like sweep and adequacy. The possibilities of such mental evolution are much greater than we formerly supposed. The majority of minds are still feeble enough, but the means of grace are at hand. Modern research has disclosed causes and consequences, and devised methods of rational treatment and unfolding. This store of helpful and curative knowledge is daily growing. The science of Education is still far ahead of the art, — we know vastly more than we have had the devotion to apply. But Education has the methods of mental development increasingly in her own hands, and the vistas that open ahead are extraordinarily bright.

The newer intellectual concern of Education is distinctly modern. It is with the mind as a tool. The older concern was rather with the mind as a storehouse. This older ideal was less hopeless in the older days than it would be at present, for the

sum total of human knowledge was then comparatively small. But now, the stores are much too great for the storehouse. No single mind, however brilliant or however industrious, can hope to carry the present sum of human knowledge, or even any appreciable fraction of it. It must be stored in many minds, in many records, in many places. When I say, then, that the second great concern of Education is with the mind, I do not mean with the mind as a storehouse, but with the mind as a tool, a mechanism of nice critical power, discovering new and important relations among old facts as well as adding to our store of new ones.

In speaking thus of the high office of Education, one speaks of the ideal rather than the current practice. It is true that such a happy vitality of thought is not yet a common possession. It is the possession only of free spirits, and we have not many free spirits in our midst. In this great fecund America, bursting with riches and plenty, the majority of our people are harassed by want, or by the fear of want. They are not free spirits. There is something wrong. The moment has come when those who care for superb, beautiful bodies, and alert, well-trained minds must not only hold this vision warm in their hearts, but must also dis-

cover why the vision is not realized, why indeed for the great mass of our brothers and sisters, it has not, at the present time, even a possibility of realization.

The third and great concern of Education is with the spirit, and this concern is the greatest of all. This is the motive-power, the divine fire that kindles humanity into action and mastery. This it is that makes the well-trained mind a tool of all gracious and god-like purposes; that makes the beautiful body a veritable temple. Just as the major concern of Education is with persons, so, as a practical, daily process, its major attention must always be given to the spirit. No operation, in school or elsewhere, that does not engage the spirit, can by any courtesy be called educational. If it crushes and stunts the spirit it is the reverse of educational. It is destructive, annihilistic, — the proper activity of devils, not of true teachers and free spirits.

To define Education in any helpful way is to define it in essential terms; and so it seems to me that this simple definition, that Education is the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit, strikes at the very heart of the matter. But the evolution of the spirit, the evolution of that part

of us which loves and worships, which wonders and aspires; that part, therefore, which builds homes and temples, which creates art and science, must proceed, like all evolution, along causational and orderly lines. The spirit sums up a man. It is his total effect, and as such it depends upon very definite causes. It depends upon his past, as that past is summed up in his body and mind. The spirit is the human flower and fruit, which presuppose the mind as trunk and branch, the body as root-system and nourisher. It is more than a partnership, this union of body, mind and spirit, — it is an organic unity. If you touch one, you touch all. If you injure one, you injure all. If you would give health to each and all, you must give it to all and each. And when at death this organic unity is brought to an end, there are some of us who believe that a new unity emerges, an unquenchable cosmic spirit which passes into new chapters of experience, and new realms of comprehension. And we believe it, not under the pressure of a terrifying theology, but we believe it freely, as free spirits quite at liberty to disbelieve. Such a free belief as this quite unavoidably affects one's whole philosophy of life, for the earth-life is thus reduced to a part in a large, unending existence.

It is, perhaps, the faith of a minority. The practical view of the majority seems to be that death ends all. But happily we can all pull together in the matter of Education. Whether we believe that the soul's journey goes on forever or ends abruptly at death, we all want the earthly, visible journey to be at its best. And if we accept the results of modern scientific research we know that man is a unit, — many-sided, complex, endlessly varied and interesting, but essentially a unit. And we know, too, that Education, with its major concern for persons, must as a practical, every-day process concern itself with the triple elements of which personality is made up, — with human bodies, and human minds, and quite overwhelmingly with the human spirit.

Education is, then, a very human enterprise. It is not too deeply impressed with the three-dimensional world, with buildings and engineering works, with factories and railroads, with giant steamships and staggering statistics. Education measures them all with one splendid yardstick. If they are means to an end, if they minister to an enlarged humanity, then they are admirable, a part of the welcome machinery of light. But if they are ends in themselves, if instead of ministering to man they simply

crush and enslave, then, quite frankly, they are of the devil and his works, and Education will have none of them.

Education estimates the worth of any community by the number of beautiful homes it contains, and by the number of healthy, happy human beings which these homes shelter. Its concern is with persons, with that glorious company of strong men and worshipful women and beautiful children who constitute the final goal of the whole evolutionary process. For Education, when all is done and said, is simply evolution made conscious.

All this is quite obvious, — one has but to open the eyes, — and yet it seems quite worth recalling. However commonplace the statement that Education has to do with the triple welfare of the child, the daily schoolroom practice too much concerns itself with the mind alone, and with the mind as a storehouse rather than a tool, and leaves the body and the spirit to get on as best they can. But a still more urgent reason for this iteration is that in the pages to follow we propose to ask how our present-day Industry stands toward persons, and to contrast its attitude toward human bodies and human minds and the human spirit with the known and beneficent attitude of Education.

III

AN IMPORTANT COROLLARY

BEFORE asking what is the characteristic of Industry, it will be well to call attention to a corollary of Education which merits, it seems to me, increasing notice. To the evolutionist, Education is simply and primarily the conscious part of evolution. From a human point of view, evolution is a social and moral process by which a brute world is made human. Education takes up the process where it finds it and strives to make a half-human world more human.

Education, then, does not know its own goal. It is essentially progressive. The goal is always out of sight. It is something more wonderful than a part-human world can even imagine.

Handled in this large way, the forward look in Education is an important element. It makes modern Education unique. Historically it is unique. The forward look differentiates present-day Education from the last waves of that great culture-impulse which swept over Europe under the name of the Renaissance.

AN IMPORTANT COROLLARY

The Renaissance is truly named, — it was a rebirth of the old culture. After the sleep of the Middle Ages, the human spirit awoke to its losses. For several centuries it has been occupied in making good these losses, in regaining the old victories of the spirit. It is no disparagement of that great movement to say that while its note was always contemporaneous, while it strove always to vivify and redeem the present moment, the sources of its inspiration were in the past, and to the past it looked for the material of its propaganda. But in our own day a new impulse has been added in the extended study of nature. Upon the old culture foundation of the classics, the newer natural science studies have been forcing their way. A whole world of new material has been added to the old records. The one comes as a supplement to the other, not as a rival; but it comes permeated with a note that is altogether new and transforming. It is a note, not of the past, but of the future. Our new body of scientific truth is not like the older store of knowledge, a somewhat fixed and determinate quantity. On the contrary, it is characterized by nothing so much as by its extraordinary power of expansion. It is a body of truth growing by such leaps and bounds that

no one human brain can carry it all. Its very literature must be rewritten at least once every decade.

In the ancient world it was possible in Aristotle to have a human encyclopædia. In our modern culture world such an all-inclusive intellect is no longer possible.

Our vocabulary registers, in a fashion, the dimensions of this growth. The last great dictionary published contains 317,000 words. The next one to be issued will contain 400,000.

In an intellectual world of such prodigious growth and change, it is inevitable that one should cultivate the forward look, should dwell upon the future, rather than upon the past. At no moment is the attention of our more alert minds so much concentrated upon what we were, or even upon what we are, as upon that more vital issue into whose big arms we are forever rushing, — what we shall be.

Modern Education, as I have said, is unique in this respect, in its essentially forward look. As the conscious process of evolution, Education must conserve the gains of the past. There must be no recurrence of the Dark Ages. But the rank and file of society is supposed to attend to this, — that

great army of patient persons, full of devotion, devoid of originality, whose mission in life it is to conserve. These are the Children of the Established Order. To this class belong nearly all teachers, clergymen, writers, professional people, lawyers, statesmen, — nearly all that great middle class which is fairly sure of its dinner, and regards other matters as of minor importance. Society could not well get on without them. They are the great social fly-wheel.

But a society which had these alone would be as useless as an engine which had a gigantic fly-wheel, and nothing else, — no delicate mechanism for the doing of needed work, no final product as the fruit of all its noise and movement.

So society needs, in addition to her great army of patient, devoted, unimaginative conservatives, an advance guard of more adventurous souls, that merry company of free spirits who use the middle-class heaven of assured food and clothing and shelter as a means only, and are forever peering into the Beyond.

These Children of the Forward Look are the really significant part of society. They make it worth while. They dance on ahead with light feet and merry hearts and high purpose,—the leaders,

prophets, poets, artists, heretics, protestants, — singing one song in many places and in many tongues, — the Song of the Beyond-Man. It is this life-giving hope which keeps our merry company of free spirits in such high good humor. They are not dull and overfed and contented. They are alert with the wine of life. They are hungry for more life. They are contented, not with the present, but with the future.

It is true that these seekers of the Beyond-Man are dreamers. Our middle-class taxpayers sometimes grow very impatient with them. But they are strictly logical dreamers. An evolutionary process which has swept the gamut of progress from amœba to man, is not going to stop at a corner-grocer and a saloon-keeper. In addition to all the tremendous, blind forces of the past, we have an evolutionary process growing daily more self-conscious, and urged on by the lure of perfection.

Time was when the imperfect went down before the less imperfect, blind agents of a law which neither saw. But now an increasing number know the Law. Evolution has grown conscious. Man applies it to the outer creation, decides which plants and animals shall survive, which perish. He breeds

new plants and new animals, of increased use and beauty.

Through the literature of aspiration, Man announces his own doom, and heralds his own successor. Not for such a man as I, was this magnificent universe created, but for those larger men who shall come after me.

The free spirits apply this aspiration to themselves. Daily they urge: —

O Eternal Wisdom, help me to share. O Eternal Beauty, help me to resemble. O Eternal Power, help me to use.

It is not an idle prayer. The Universe answers the prayer of those who first pray and then work.

Acting upon unconscious material in the past, evolution has never ceased. It is unthinkable that it should meet its first defeat when it came to act upon conscious material, *trying to help*. It seems to me, then, that no educational scheme is logical which leaves out this doctrine of the Beyond-Man; and that no educational practice is complete which fails to attempt his realization.

Standing in the dingy rooms of a city schoolhouse, especially in the poorer quarters, and looking at the dirty, ill-kept, ignorant children, so far below what we like to consider as the American

standard, one's first thought is for soap and water, needle and thread, a square meal, the merest rudiments of an English education. It seems an odd place in which to talk of the Beyond-Man. The poor, anemic, commonplace teacher seems to have her hands full already, and with very dull and shabby tasks. Nor does she seem personally a very adequate vehicle for so luminous a doctrine. Yet such a doctrine is not out of place. Leaders have been known to spring from even such unpromising soil. As for the teacher herself, she sorely needs some such vista to make her hard work tolerable. To bring this raw man-material up to the average, to help a fragment of it go beyond, to know that in thousands of school-houses, the land over, this same doctrine of the Forward Look is being preached and practised, this same aspiration of a conscious evolution, is to put heart and life into the dingiest outlook.

Not only this, but such a vista is a direct help in all teaching, since it adds insight and meaning to the present. It is a great mistake to think that one can teach the rudiments of any art or science, and do it well, without a working knowledge of the more advanced chapters. Few mathematicians, for example, are called upon to teach either ana-

lytics or the calculus. Some of them deal with trigonometry, a larger number with algebra and geometry. But the rank and file of mathematical teachers, thousands upon thousands of them, never teach anything beyond arithmetic, and a very elementary sort at that. It remains true, however, that a knowledge of the higher mathematics casts a flood of light upon the rudiments, and makes the most elementary teacher better qualified for his task.

Much of the dullness of our present lower-school teaching is due to the fact that men and women are there trying to lay the foundation of a superstructure which they do not see.

It is also true that any teacher who would move a class to enthusiastic work must be himself a student. One cannot communicate what one has not. As soon as a teacher stops studying, he begins to lose power. The light fades from his voice, from his eye, from his words. He takes his poor place in the army of routine workers among the people who do not count.

But Education is not synonymous with mathematics or with any of the other elementary arts and sciences. It is an inner process, the total effect of all these culture studies, the unfolding and per-

fecting of the human spirit. The teacher who aspires to educate must have this forward look, must be himself a seeker of the larger life, or he cannot possibly be a successful leader.

And so this doctrine of the Beyond-Man seems to me an important corollary of Education; so important indeed that it must be named when one names the characteristic of Education. The characteristic of Education is, then, its concern for persons, its concern to bring all the children of men up to the best standard of the hour; and then, all along the line, to offer that freedom from the tyranny of ideas and things, which will allow aspiring souls, the free spirits of their day and generation, to pass beyond, into the Country of the Forward Look.

This doctrine seems to me well worth stating, quite for its own sake. It announces afresh man's kinship with the gods. But it is especially worth stating when we come to compare Education and Industry. To know the inner heart of our present-day Industry we must not only know its attitude towards the bodies and minds and spirit of our brothers and sisters, but we must know as well its attitude towards their future.

IV

THE CHARACTERISTIC OF INDUSTRY

We have seen that Education has a personal end. In the last analysis, it has to be defined in terms of the human spirit. Its characteristic is a concern for persons, for their health, for their intelligence, for their spirituality; and, in addition, for their ideals and aspirations,— that is to say, for their future.

Primitive Industry, at its best, had a similar concern for persons. It sought food and clothing and shelter. It sought the tools by which food might be won, the materials out of which clothing and shelter might be constructed, the weapons by means of which the home might be defended and safeguarded. The direct object of such an ideal Industry was personal. It ministered solely to the direct satisfaction of human wants; and when these were satisfied, Industry ceased, and leisure began,— that precious leisure which meant then, and means now, the possibility of a high intelligence and spirituality, the cultivation of poetry and art and religion. It was an essential element of a disinterested

Primitive Industry that it had no ulterior motives. The entire product went to the worker. When he had enough in the way of food and clothing and shelter, enough in the way of tools and weapons, he ceased to work industrially, and gave his time to non-economic occupations, to that leisure which alone makes human life worth having. There was no ulterior motive, — there was no thought of Profit.

The wage of Primitive Industry is small, but it is clean. It is a natural wage — the entire product goes to the worker. This is Industry in its integrity, — Industry, the servant of Man.

It is true that Primitive Industry is not marked by any great efficiency. No hermit plan is efficient. It is a commonplace that a thousand men working together can produce many times the product of a thousand men working separately. There is, then, every reason why they should work together, why labor should be divided and subdivided to the last degree of efficiency. But what is the great reason? Surely not that they may produce more things. That would be contrary to the spirit of Industry the Servant. The one great reason why men should work together, why this nice division of labor should be elaborated, is simply and solely that

they may produce the necessary store of things, the necessary food and clothing and shelter, the necessary tools and weapons and apparatus, *in the least possible time*, and so possess themselves in increasing measure of the great boon of life, — that leisure which is the mother of all art and science, philosophy and religion.

I need hardly say that by leisure I mean economic leisure, not laziness. I mean freedom from physical want, and the consequent opportunity to devote one's time to matters more interesting, more important, and more permanent than mere bread and butter, — in a word, the opportunity to devote oneself to the Eternal Values.

We all agree that it is both desirable and inevitable that Industry should become coöperative. But is it necessary for Industry, in becoming cooperative, to lose its old spirit of service, its old concern for persons, its old status as the servant of persons? This is the vital part of the issue.

In point of fact, no such social and moral deterioration is necessary. It is quite possible to share the toil and to share the product. There is nothing in the nature of the enterprise to warrant the withdrawal of any part of the product. The rational corollary of coöperative production is coöperative

distribution. Industry could still maintain its integrity; still be the servant, ministering to the welfare of persons; still be devoid of any ulterior, sinister purpose.

But in the confusion of ideas, which like the ghost at the feast, seems to attend all periods of great expansion, Industry has not maintained its ideal integrity. Through the institutions of slavery, serfdom, and wage-hire; through the device of rent and interest, taxation and profit, Industry has completely shifted its ground. It has given over its fundamental concern for persons, and devoted itself to the production of a multitude of things. This is a tremendous social and moral change, — greater, I think, than the majority of us begin to realize. It was not brought about by any increased avariciousness on the part of the workers. They have the same old primal needs for food and clothing and shelter, for tools and weapons. Through coöperation and the invention of our manifold, wonder-working machinery, the workers could have supplied these needs more abundantly and more economically than ever before. But a new element has come into our ideal of Industry, an ulterior, sinister motive. It is Profit, the love of money, the root of all evil. It is pos-

sible so to organize Industry, so to increase its speed and lengthen its hours, that in addition to supplying the primal needs of the workers there shall be a considerable and increasing surplus left over. This is particularly true when labor-power is appropriated by violence, and men are forced to become slaves and serfs. It is particularly true when the land of a country is turned over to private ownership and men are forced to pay rent. It is particularly true when machinery, product of the joint intelligence of the age and the labor of a multitude of workers, is administered for the few who have grasped it rather than for the many who have produced it. It is particularly true when a false government, through a monopoly of the medium of exchange, forces men to pay for its use in the shape of interest; and when through tariffs and franchises such a government imposes unnecessary and burdensome taxation.

So are born the two great social classes of modern times, masters and slaves, the exploiters and the exploited.

Industry has lost its fundamental integrity, its essential dignity. It has ceased to be the servant of the whole people, and has become, instead, the servant of the few and the master of the many.

It has ceased to minister disinterestedly to men and women and children, ceased to devote itself to the creation of wholesome, happy homes. It has passed into the hands of those who hold the whip-handle of privilege, and in their hands the servant has turned master. Into the language of men there has come a phrase which has never been heard before, — *the demands of Industry*. In that name, crimes have been committed, and are being committed to-day, which fail to shock us only because they are so common.

In a saner and more human world, it is men and women and children who make demands. It is Industry which meets these demands, which ministers to a sentient world, which helps on the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit. This is ideal Industry, but in our actual Industry there is a horrible inversion. This institution of Industry, the most primitive of all institutions, organized and developed in order to free mankind from the tyranny of things, has become itself the greater tyrant, degrading a multitude into the condition of slaves, — slaves doomed to produce, through long and weary hours, a senseless glut of things, and then forced to suffer for lack of the very things they have produced.

With the introduction of steam-power and machinery, coöperation in Industry has ceased to be voluntary and has become prescribed. The solitary hand-worker cannot stand out against the factory. Coöperation has made Industry many times more efficient: steam-power and machinery have increased this efficiency several hundred fold. Had the spirit of ideal Industry prevailed, had Industry remained the servant, with its fundamental concern for persons, the introduction of power-machinery would have been occasion for the most jubilant, most triumphant festival that our old earth has ever seen. Think, for a moment, what it would have meant in terms of human freedom. Man, with his increasing material needs, his growing spiritual hunger, held in his hands for one brief moment of time, the instruments of his liberation, — steam-power and machinery. Could they have been held as servants, they would have set him free! Where he had worked ten and twelve hours a day, he could, with his new tools, have produced the same things in the fraction of an hour. This is not an idle statement. It is an authoritative conclusion from the known efficiency of machines. Only yesterday I stood in a large cotton-mill in the presence of a

new machine which was doing the work of twenty men, and doing it better. Yet this was only one out of an elaborate series of machines.

If men had chosen to work longer in order more generously to supply their growing needs, they could have made themselves rich in personal possessions, and still have had the major part of the day, perhaps four fifths of the old day of labor, for productive leisure, for the things of the spirit.

But this great opportunity was lost.

The new order in Industry was the occasion of no joyous festival. On the contrary, it was greeted with violence and execration, the blind outcry of a mob which saw the instrument of a more complete enslavement, the deepening of the furrow between master and man. The new machinery was called *labor-saving*. It might have been. It might have been an epoch-making liberator. But, as we have seen, Industry was no longer true to its ideal mission, and its new tool was equally in disloyal hands. Our marvelous labor-saving machinery has not greatly lightened human toil. It has increased the product several hundred-fold, but the increase has gone as Profit to the masters of the machine. The hours of work are still inhumanly long: the pressure is even greater.

And the pressure is beginning to tell in the diminished vitality of our industrial nations. It took England, with all her prestige and resources, nearly three years to put down the Boers, because English factory life had so sapped the strength and manhood of the nation, that she could no longer send efficient fighting men into the field. According to the " Medical Record " the recruits for the Crimean War were three inches taller, and nearly thirty pounds heavier than the recruits for the Boer War, only two generations later. It is hopeful to believe that a finer set of men may have been attracted by the earlier war, but this hardly accounts for all the difference.

In our own day, steam-power and machinery and Profit are doing their perfect work. Industry is not the servant of men, — it is their master, master of their lives, of their bodies and minds and spirit, master of men and women and children. It is no longer servant. It has no longer the fundamental concern for persons. The characteristic of present-day Industry is its concern for things, — for the Profit which can be got out of a surfeit of things.

V

FOR USE OR FOR PROFIT?

THE characteristic of our present-day Industry, as I have said, is its concern for things. This is also the characteristic of Primitive Industry. But there is this vital difference. In Primitive Industry the concern is with things solely as they minister directly to human needs, to the human needs of the workers. It is, therefore, in the last analysis, a concern for persons. Such an Industry is naturally self-directed. It has but one object, the welfare of the workers. It strives to supply his needs with the least expenditure of time, to produce articles of the greatest excellence and endurance. It would be a contradiction in ends to carry on such an Industry by death-dealing processes, to attempt to further the welfare of the workers by deliberately disregarding that welfare. Our present-day Industry, on the other hand, is not self-directed. It is not characterized by any concern for persons. Indeed, in the last analysis, it is not even characterized by a concern for things, — it is characterized first and last and always by a concern for Profit.

Now Industry, under pressure of such an alien motive, has quite lost its original integrity, its essential dignity. It has become dehumanized and in its present unideal form has ceased to be a blessing.

Such a charge against Industry is a very grave one, but we cannot logically escape it. The primal object of Industry is to secure food and clothing and shelter, tools and weapons and apparatus. If our present-day Industry had a genuine concern for these things it would devote itself to producing them at the least cost, of the greatest excellence, and of the largest durability. This, I think, is a fair statement. But it is so completely at variance with all the well-known facts of daily life that any close scrutiny is hardly needed.

In the matter of our food we all know that the prices of the staple articles have been forced up to the highest possible figure at which the public can afford to buy. We all know that the prices would be doubled to-morrow if it were not that such an increase would practically destroy the market, and might precipitate serious riots. As I write we happen to be in the midst of a widespread and most significant boycott against the meat trust. It is not a vegetarian crusade, but an economic protest

against the excessive and shameless profits which a set of very wealthy men are trying to extract from the American public. It is a boycott in which even wealthy middle-class people are also taking part. Doubtless the boycott will win, — temporarily. There will be a great show of reduced prices, and then, as soon as the public has forgotten, the prices will creep up again, until another protest is made.

It is just the same with all the other staple food products, — bread, milk, butter, eggs, fruits, vegetables, even oysters.

One might be more tolerant if a considerable part of the money went to the actual producers of food. But such is not the case. The actual workers get little enough for their toil. The tremendous profits go to the intermediate exploiters, to landlords, water-companies, railroads, trusts and combinations, modern pirates standing between the bounty of nature and her hungry children. It would be fanciful in the extreme to maintain that modern Industry strove to yield food at the least cost.

And it would be equally fanciful to maintain that modern Industry busied itself in any essential way with the quality and wholesomeness of the

food supplied. So notoriously true is the very opposite of this, that it has been necessary to pass very stringent pure-food laws, and to have official inspectors in every market, in every slaughter-house, almost in every cow-barn, in order to safeguard the health and life of the nation.

Our modern Industry has no essential concern for the cost, for the quality, for the nutritiousness, for the cleanliness of the food which it supplies the nation, and of late, it has on all sides been detected in giving very short measure. It is concerned simply and solely with one aspect of the business, with the profit in dollars and cents that can be got out of it. To further this end, thousands of lives are annually sacrificed. Poisoned meats, diseased milk, rotting cereals, adulterated food-stuffs of all sorts and kinds, add to the annual death-roll, and yield their measure of Profit to the exploiters. Industry, properly the servant of man, has become Industry, the slave-master and executioner.

Clothing is not quite so vital a matter as food, but in the long, severe winters which prevail over the greater part of the States, unsuitable clothing means diminished vitality, and in the end, widespread illness and death. It is not prejudice which

leads the well-to-do to buy imported cloth and underwear and hosiery. It is because in the long run they are cheaper. But the mass of our people cannot afford to pay the greater initial cost which a protective tariff imposes. They are forced to buy the shoddy clothing of the home manufacturer. After the first few days of newness have passed, it is a very shabby-looking crowd that swarms our streets. Industry-for-Profit is not concerned to yield durable clothing. It is only concerned to produce stuff that will sell. The sooner it wears out, the better, for then more stuff can be sold, and another harvest of Profit gathered.

It is the same all along the line. American houses, and particularly those of the working classes, are very transient and dilapidated. The furniture, tools and implements seem to have been manufactured for the express purpose of breaking. In traveling across our beautiful American country, one is apprized of the approach to a large town by the hideous piles of rubbish. We are forever busy creating things of so little permanent value that almost before they are out of our hands, we must turn around and create their substitutes and successors.

From the point of view of Primitive Industry,

that is to say, of Ideal Industry, this seems a very unintelligent process. But the explanation is simple — we do not produce for Use, we produce for Profit.

It is significant that the old colonial houses are far better than the majority of houses we are building to-day; that the old colonial furniture is not only more beautiful but also more durable than the product of to-day; that the dignified old stoves designed by Franklin are objects of beauty, while the bejeweled, nickel-plated, decorated stoves now being turned out by American manufacturers are a grief to the spirit.

We see this falling off in serviceableness and beauty in multitudes of American homes. If our own home happens, by more careful selection and greater means, to possess some distinction, we have only to turn to the shops to discover the quality of present-day Industry, — not to the smaller and more exclusive shops where the tradition of taste still lingers, but to those giant establishments which most pride themselves upon their bigness, and upon the volume of their sales. These supply the rank and file of the American people, the large majority, and so more truly reflect the ideals of excellence and beauty and durability for which

the current Industry stands. I have been to these places, and I report, not what I imagine, but what I actually see. Looking at this degenerate array of things, at the flimsy, tortured, steam-patterned furniture; at the impossible crockery and glassware; at the ungainly lamps, with their bad color and shape, and worse decoration; regarding with a disinterested and dispassionate eye, the senseless riot of cheap and inartistic goods in the department stores, one is forced to admit that if the old principle still holds, — *By their fruits ye shall know them*, — then our present-day Industry has small concern for excellence, for beauty, or for durability, and therefore it may not even be said to have a concern for things. All too obviously, its sole concern is for Profit.

VI

INDUSTRY AND THE WORKER

A SANE Industry has a very grave concern for the quality of things, for their excellence, for their beauty, for their durability. Its only object in producing things is that they may serve persons. The quality and the low cost of the product are the measure of this service.

In saying, then, that our present-day Industry has no genuine concern for things, but is almost wholly engrossed with the question of Profit, we assert quite unavoidably that it also has no vital concern for persons. But it may be worth while to examine this assertion in greater detail, and to inquire in what way current Industry deals with the bodies of men and women and children, with their minds and with their spirit. In a word, let us inquire whether current Industry touches men and women and children to their hurt or to their profit. Does our Industry cripple them, stunt them, brutalize them, or does it make them more beautiful, more intelligent, more masterful? Does it work for little men, the Below-Man, or for big men, the Beyond-

Man, — and which, as a practical operation, does it produce?

It is the more important to make such an inquiry, because the apologists for our present industrial conditions are wont to assert, that in spite of minor and easily corrected defects, American Industry as a whole is sound and admirable, since it brings the country such unparalleled business prosperity, and since it puts food, such as it is, into the mouths of the workers, and clothes, such as they are, on their backs, and shelter, such as it is, over their heads.

The first claim, that current Industry brings unprecedented prosperity to the country as a whole, is not accurate. It says, in effect, that current Industry produces great wealth, that those who possess great wealth are prosperous, and therefore that our current Industry brings prosperity to the country as a whole. But unfortunately, the conclusion does not follow. No one denies that our Industry produces immense wealth. The productive power of labor was never so great as now. It is a hundredfold, almost a thousandfold greater than before steam-power and machinery were pressed into its service. Of course it produces great wealth. One might almost say that it pro-

duces too much, that we run serious risk of being overwhelmed with this avalanche of things. No one denies that the possession of great wealth is the outward and visible sign of an astonishing material prosperity. No one denies that America has more multimillionaires than any other country in the world. No one denies that *some* Americans are very rich and prosperous. So far, the apologists are quite right; but it is their subsequent reasoning that is at fault. Because some Americans are over-rich, it does not follow that all America is prosperous. On the contrary, our six thousand millionaires might be a hundred times as rich as they are, and America, as a whole, even less prosperous than at present.

The most that one can say for America is that she is prosperous in spots. As a whole, she is far from prosperous. A country in which half of the people own practically nothing, where one per cent own over half of all the wealth, where one person in every ten who dies in her metropolitan city is buried in a pauper's grave, — such a country cannot by any courtesy be called prosperous as a whole.

The mistake of these apologists lies in making aggregate wealth mean aggregate prosperity. It

does not always follow. Prosperity is an individual possession and not a lump sum. It is a national possession only when it is shared by all. One man dead of hunger offsets the largest fortune of any other citizen. The five hundred men killed each year in the industries of Pittsburg offset the prosperity of as many millionaires. When our prosperous citizens have thus been paired off, what remains? There remains, alas, a rank and file of citizens terribly unprosperous.

And the second claim of the apologists for our present industrial system is equally open to question,— the claim that such a system is beneficent, *because* the working people are fed and clothed and housed. In the first place this is only partially true. Our Industry, as a system, is not concerned with the working class as a whole. It is only concerned with that portion from whose labor it can extract a profit. It has no concern with the great army of the unemployed, with the crippled and sick, with the aged, with the woman about to become a mother, with the child too young to work. They may shift for themselves. Our current Industry has nothing to offer in the way of food and clothes and shelter. Yet these persons are an integral part of the working class. At present, they

are left to charity. But an ideal Industry would provide for them as adequately as for the actual workers.

And what does our Industry offer to the actual workers, — to those who can yet endure the heat and burden of the long day of toil, and can yield a profit to the masters?

Put into a nutshell, it is this way: our current Industry employs the least possible number of workers, at the least possible wage, for the longest possible work-day, at the hardest possible toil. This is a plain and brutal statement, but it is not exaggerated. It is the unpleasant truth. And not only is it the truth, but just so long as Industry is carried out for Profit, and not for human welfare, it is almost inevitable. In those industries which are not monopolies, the fault hardly lies with the individual masters. It is an inherent part of the competitive system. All is fair in love and war. And competition is war.

That our Industry employs any workers at all is a regrettable necessity. Without the workers, our fields and mines and factories and railways would be as unproductive of wealth as if they were assembled on some still undiscovered continent. Labor-power is a commodity which Industry

must buy, just as it must buy the other raw materials of its processes; but it buys the least quantity possible. Where it can skimp, it will skimp, exactly as it skimps the amount of wool in cloth, or steel in rails, or flour in bread.

Our Industry inevitably pays as little for labor-power, as it pays for other commodities, — for wool, for steel, for wheat; that is to say, the very least possible. The price of all commodities is regulated by supply and demand, and is fixed by the cost of reproduction. The demand for labor-power diminishes with the perfecting of machinery. The cost of labor-power is kept low by the urgent competition of the unemployed. That our Industry furnishes the actual workers with food and clothing and shelter is no occasion for self-satisfaction. This is the bare cost of labor-power. Without these necessaries, labor-power could not do the work, and could not reproduce its kind.

At this stage of mechanical progress, it is a mere sentimentalism to rank a bare living as a victory. The real question is, what sort of food and clothing and shelter does Industry provide for the workers, and at what price?

I have been myself in every State in the Union, with one exception, and I have seen something

of the daily lives of the workers. The sort of subsistence which our present-day Industry offers the workers is not one to call forth gratitude on their part, or justifiable pride on ours. In many cases labor-power actually sells for less than its cost, — it is a bankrupt sale. That is to say, the subsistence offered does not suffice to maintain the laborer in health and strength, and enable him to leave behind an able-bodied son to take his place. Many specific industries would absolutely cease if the supply of labor-power were not recruited from outside. The price that the workers pay for this wretched subsistence is frightfully high, — it is their life, shortened in duration, impoverished in quality. To claim any merit whatever for our current Industry on the ground of the full dinner-pail, is to confuse values in a most extraordinary degree, and mistake bare animal existence for human life.

I have just been hearing that the conscience is that little thing inside of you which tells you when other people are doing wrong. A somewhat similar principle seems to obtain in our estimation of salutary standards of living. We are quite Spartan in our abstemiousness, when it comes to planning for other people. The employing classes

believe in high profits for themselves and in low wages for the working classes. They commend the simple life — to others. They draw touching pictures of the young mechanic starting out in the gray of the morning to work for his wife and children, and returning late at night to their fond embraces. They speak of unceasing toil as the one panacea for keeping uneducated persons out of mischief. But in all this, our employing classes, — the classes of privilege, — are not honest. They recommend for others what they would commit suicide before accepting for themselves. Privileged persons do not tell the truth about our industrial arrangements, for Privilege obscures the vision, and they do not see the truth.

VII

THE BODILY INTEGRITY OF THE WORKERS

In offering work to the workers, — to the least possible number of them, at the least possible wage, for the longest possible work-day, at the hardest possible toil, — our current Industry has no claim either for admiration or gratitude. Such small decencies as it now observes have been forced upon it by law and public opinion, by trade-unions and associations for labor legislation. These decencies are scant concessions, to be taken back whenever a relaxed watchfulness makes such withdrawal possible. In saying this, one makes no personal accusation. It is an essential part of competition.

But forgetting for the moment the hard terms of the contract, let us inquire into the actual effect of modern Industry upon the bodies and minds of the workers, and especially upon their spirit. Let us ask how Industry regards that human welfare which Education holds to be so precious.

And first, in regard to the bodies of the workers, — are they strong and beautiful, sound

and accomplished, the just cause of national pride?

It is a mockery to put such a question. Those of us who believe that the integrity of the human body is one of the vital measures of civilization, and ought to be one of the major concerns of the nation, must forever array ourselves against an Industry which so cripples and stunts and kills its workers as our present Industry does, every day, every hour, every minute.

I recently attended an exhibit arranged by those engaged in the crusade against tuberculosis. In one of the panels an ordinary electric light flashed out every two minutes, and then relapsed into darkness. Each flash marked the passing of a human soul. Each interval symbolized the eternal silence. It was the roll-call of the victims of tuberculosis. The majority of these passing souls came from the ranks of the workers, victims of excessive toil and bad air and insufficient food; victims relentlessly offered to the great god, Profit.

The number of industrial deaths and injuries is appalling. The statistics of the railroads are notorious. The death-roll in the United States is heavier than in almost any other civilized coun-

try. As we all know, it is more dangerous to be employed on an American railway than it was to fight in the Civil War. In mines and mills, factories and building trades, the annual loss is almost as great. And these deaths from disease and accident are largely preventable. But our Industry is not so much concerned with human life as it is concerned with Profit.

Not only does our current Industry kill her own servants, she even kills her patrons, and with as little compunction. By patented medicines which do not cure, by adulterated foods which do not nourish, by tainted meat and doctored drink, by preventable accidents on land and sea, our modern Industry-for-Profit strikes like an assassin in the dark, and strikes too often at the most defenceless, at women and children and sick folk.

But worse than sudden death is the slow dying, the disease, the premature decay, the loss of eye or hand or arm or leg, the permanent loss of health, which are as invariable a part of the year's product as are the marketable goods.

I have a summer camp up among the hills, and there each year nearly a hundred boys come to me for health and knowledge. I teach them not to be ashamed of their bodies, but to make them

pure and strong and beautiful. It would be a pitiful contrast to take a hundred boys from the public school of some poor quarter, a hundred boys from the coal mines and breakers of Pennsylvania, a hundred boys from the cotton mills of the South, and place them naked and shrinking, alongside these beautiful, sun-tanned children of the privileged classes. Yet they have the same divine right to be strong and beautiful and accomplished and good. And when one thinks of these little strangers to the full life of boyhood, with their narrow chests and shrunken limbs and pallid, anemic faces, and reflects that they are to be the fathers of to-morrow, the progenitors of the coming race, then the industrial crime against human bodies becomes national as well as individual.

It is the same with the future mothers of the race. On all sides one hears of working-girls; one sees them on the streets; one observes that they are advertised for. It is not a pleasant euphony similar to that which formerly classed all women-servants as "girls," but a literal designation. It *is* girls that Industry wants — preferably young girls, for they are quicker, handier, more adaptable than older women. Their tasks are not particularly

difficult or they could not perform them, for these girls whom Industry wants are not particularly strong and not particularly intelligent, — they are wanted cheap.

The tasks are not difficult, — just tending a machine for ten hours a day, — but they are killing tasks. It is not the long hours, or the poor light, or the insufficient air, bad as all these things are; it is the speed that kills, — the remorseless, nerve-racking, life-destroying speed. These are the young girls of the nation, whose bodies and souls are being buffeted and crippled in the service of Profit. It is no wonder that the weaker ones fall out of line into the easier paths of vice. It is no wonder that the majority of them, when they marry, give birth to a puny and inadequate generation. It is not the failure to marry and beget children that constitutes race-suicide in America. It is the crippling, killing blight of an Industry-for-Profit which creates weak parents for a weaker offspring.

In America, men are cheap. But no nation can be great and enduring which neglects the bodily integrity of her sons and daughters. No nation may claim prosperity, if her sons and daughters are stunted and unbeautiful. And that our Ameri-

can work-people are stunted and unbeautiful, no one can deny who has been among them; who has seen them, tired and haggard, file out of the factories at night; or, sadder still, has watched their pitiful attempts to be amused on some rare holiday.

The supreme issue in America to-day is not as to how the Profit shall be divided, but how we can get rid of it altogether, and administer Industry for Use. It does not much matter who is President. It is quite immaterial whether the Congress be Republican or Democratic, so long as it busies itself with the surface of things, the side issues of life, as it so often does,—and neglects the one basal issue of all, the economic freedom of the people. The one vital question before the American people is this: How can our great, fertile, treasure-stored America be so administered as to produce the greatest human wealth,— a wealth of beautiful men and beautiful women and beautiful children, at once free and noble and happy? All other questions sink into insignificance, save as they minister to the solution of the greater question. At the present moment, this question is being asked, by individuals, by little groups, by increasing multitudes, and America has got to find the answer.

To dally with petty graft, with "good" and "bad" trusts, with minor issues generally, is to fiddle, while Rome burns.

Every sane man hopes that the question will be answered peacefully. Every sane man is pledged to use his utmost endeavor to bring about a peaceful solution. But no sane man who loves America, who still cherishes ideals of national greatness, no sane man who looks with open eyes upon the unforgivable violence of our current Industry, upon the degradation of all classes, "fortunate" and otherwise, no sane man would ask that the question go unsolved.

The issue, to-day, is mightier than that which roused the patriots of 1776. It is mightier than that which stirred the nation to its very foundations in 1861. Like them, it is also economic. It is not a struggle between colony and mother country, between one section and another section. It is a struggle between brothers, between those who live on the broad, wholesome avenues of the town, and those who live in the back streets and alleyways. To be successful, both must win. They can only do this by joining forces in a common brotherhood, by waging warfare against the common enemy of us all, — cold and hunger and

nakedness, disease and ignorance and folly, — against all the powers of darkness that make for the Below-Man.

"*For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*"

VIII

THE CASE OF THE CHILDREN

I HAVE been asking whether our present-day Industry has any concern for the bodies of men and women. I have only hinted at the answer.

To make the answer complete for men, we should have to visit fields, forests, mines, quarries, furnaces, mills, factories, shops, railways, steamships, boiler-rooms, warehouses, stores; we should have to walk in ill-smelling, unbeautiful streets, to visit cheap theatres and saloons and dance-halls and department stores; we should have to stand by the bedside of sick and wounded and dying men; we should have to enter hospitals and operating rooms, and dead houses; we might not shrink from jails and poorhouses and insane asylums; we should have to chat with premature and unlovely old age, with the halt and the lame and the blind. Last of all, we should have to stand bare-headed by a pauper's grave.

To make the answer complete for women, we should have to cover much of the same ground,

and to add to it still more shameful sights. We should have to go into noisome sweat-shops, into cigar and cigarette factories, into the stuffy workshops where women's underwear, and artificial flowers, and other articles of finery are manufactured cheap for profit. We should have to endure the noise and nerve-strain in the midst of which live, but do not thrive, the makers of shirts and shirt-waists. We should have to accustom ourselves to the odors and reek of paper-box factories, the dust and draughts and insolence of department stores, the steam and rattle of laundries. We should have to go into desolate, meagre homes, into hall bed-rooms and lodging-house cubicles, into brothels and maternity hospitals and the many homes for convalescents and consumptives and incurables. On all sides, we should have to see womankind outraged and degraded, in a land where greed has chased out chivalry. And finally, we should have to stand, with deep pity in our hearts, by the many graves of prostitutes.

I have only hinted at the answer, but this hint has been all-sufficient. It is only too clear that our current Industry has small concern for the bodies of men and women, small concern that they shall be strong and beautiful, integral and

pure; that they shall be clean, well-nourished, well-developed; that they shall be adequate temples for the human spirit, — that spirit whose unfolding and perfecting is the great concern of Education. Our Industry produces things, in part useful, in very small part beautiful; but the men and women whom it uses and lightly tosses aside are not lovely to look upon, — they are too often human wrecks, human derelicts.

But if it is difficult to speak temperately of the brutal unconcern of modern Industry for the bodies of men and women, it is far more difficult to be temperate when one stands face to face with the total unconcern of our modern Industry for the tender bodies of little children. The facts are well known to most of us. I need not recite them anew. The agitation of the anti-child-labor crusade has made familiar to the people of America a condition of affairs in the child world which would be unbelievable if it were not substantiated by documentary proof. By comparison, Herod was merciful. It is stated, on good authority, that there are two million child-laborers in America, — in America, the richest, most fertile, most generously endowed country in all the world. The apologists for our present industrial scheme assert that these

figures are grossly exaggerated. They have not proved their case. But suppose that the actual number is one half, suppose that it is only one tenth, what an infamous spectacle the admitted truth presents,—from two hundred thousand to a million children robbed of their childhood!

But when one recalls the many children whose labor is not officially reported, the little "house-mothers" of the poor, the boys in offices and stores, the boys who are running errands and selling papers and blacking boots, the children at work in sweat-shops and out-of-the-way corners, the boys and girls carrying burdens beyond their strength on New England farms, and Southern plantations and Western ranches, it is more than probable that the actual number of child-workers exceeds two million.

The facts are now well known. The association for the suppression of child-labor is bravely at work. Something has been done; more will be done. But what a horrible comment upon our civilization it is, that such a state of affairs should exist, that such an association should be needed! What a horrible comment it is that our State governors and legislatures, the Congress, the Federal Departments, the President, should be blind to

the infamy, should have to have it pressed upon their attention from outside; and what a further comment it is that, in spite of the popular pressure, the government should be so slow, so very slow, to take any action.

And meanwhile the children are dying.

The explanation of this official indifference is quite plain. It is true that these strong, prosperous men are most of them fathers, but they are so interested in Property, so keen to safeguard it and augment it, that they have small concern for persons outside of their own immediate family, no time to care for the tender bodies of little children. The cloven hoof of Profit is everywhere.

This is what an eye-witness says of child-labor in the South : —

"The infant factory slaves of South Carolina can never develop into men and women. There are no mortality statistics; the mill-owners baffle all attempts of the outside public to get at the facts, but my opinion is that in many mills death sets the little prisoner free inside of four years. Beyond that he cannot hope to live; and this opinion is derived from careful observation, and interviews with skilled and experienced physicians who practice in the vicinity of the mills. Boys

and girls, from the age of six years and upwards, are employed. They usually work from 6 o'clock in the morning to 7 o'clock at night. For four months in the year, they go to work before daylight, and they work until after dark. At noon, I saw them squat on the floor and devour their food, which consisted mostly of corn-bread and bacon. These weasened pigmies munched in silence, and they toppled over in sleep on the floor in all the abandon of babyhood. Very few wore shoes and stockings; dozens of the little girls of, say, seven years of age, wore only one garment, a linsey-woolsey dress. When it came time to go to work, the foreman marched through the groups, shaking the sleepers, shouting in their ears, lifting them to their feet, and in a few instances kicking the delinquent into wakefulness. The long afternoon had begun — from a quarter to 1 to 7 o'clock they worked without respite or rest.

"The toddlers I saw, for the most part did only one thing — they watched the flying spindles on a frame twenty feet long, and tied the broken threads. They could not sit at their tasks; back and forth they paced, watching with inanimate, dull look the flying spindles. The roar of the machinery drowned every other sound — back and

forth paced the baby toilers in their bare feet, and mended the broken threads. Two, three, or four threads would break before they could patrol the twenty feet, — the threads were always breaking.

"The noise and the constant looking at the flying wheels reduce the nervous sensation in a few months to a minimum. The child does not think, he ceases to suffer, — memory is as dead as hope; no more does he long for the green fields, the running streams, the freedom of the woods, and the companionship of all the wild, free things that run, climb, swim, fly, or burrow. He does his work like an automaton; he is part of the roaring machinery; memory is sealed, physical vitality is at such a low ebb that he ceases to suffer."

In the cotton-mill in southern Alabama which I visited personally, the children were from nine years old and upward. The hours were from 6 A. M. to 6.30 P. M., with thirty minutes for luncheon, and a Saturday half-holiday. These children work twelve hours a day for the profit of a Massachusetts family which is doubtless given to charity and good works!

This is perhaps child-labor at its worst, but the case is also bad in Pennsylvania, "that State of colossal industrial crimes," where children work

in coal-mines and coal-breakers, in factories and sweatshops. It cannot be other than bad in all places where children are exploited for Profit.

These accounts of to-day read very much like those earlier accounts of British Industry, where half-naked women and children worked underground in the coal-pits, and did not see the sunlight from week end to week end; when the children brought from orphan asylums and other institutions, to work in the cotton mills, died like flies and were buried secretly at night, for fear of an uproar.

A sane Industry works for man, — to feed him, clothe him, shelter him, to provide him with tools and apparatus. It is a means, not an end. It is a servant, and it seeks to do its work with efficiency and in the least possible time. The sole mission of such an Industry is to set man free from the tyranny of want, to cherish him, and nurture him, to give him both the leisure and the means for the realization of a complete, happy, noble life.

Industry *is* only sane when it is the minister, the servant. Our modern Industry, our Industry-for-Profit, has become the master. It is not the instrument of freedom. It is an instrument of

tyranny, by which the possessing class exploits the labor-power of the non-possessing class.

About all that a sane Industry ought to do, our modern Industry fails to do. It fails to provide decently for the elementary wants of the workers; it fails to provide leisure, that economic leisure, which is the priceless fountain of art and science, religion and philosophy; it fails to safeguard the bodily integrity of the workers, their health and strength and beauty: in a word, it fails to perform the gracious and beneficent mission of a true Industry.

About all that Industry ought most resolutely to decline to do, our modern Industry does, and does deliberately. It produces cheap and shoddy goods. It robs them of quality and durability so that they must the sooner be replaced. It ignores all claims of beauty and convenience, just so far as competition will allow. It poisons and adulterates and imitates. It lies about both the quality and the weight. It forces the workers, — men and women and children, — to endure the hardest toil for the longest possible hours. It disfigures them, cripples them, kills them. It refuses them work, even though they be starving, unless it can wring a profit out of them. It pays the lowest possible

wage, playing off the hunger of the unemployed against the hunger of those who work. *For the sake of Profit, it seeks always to reduce the number of workers, instead of reducing the hours of toil.*

It is literally true that our Industry-for-Profit works day and night, night and day, to turn out little men, the Below-Man; works unconsciously, but nevertheless effectively to defeat the hope of the world, the goal of evolution, the birth of the big men, the Beyond-Man.

In the face of such irreconcilable ideals, Education and modern Industry must stand forever opposed as implacable enemies. But the irony of it is that schools as well as churches, with all their professed concern for persons, draw their revenues from an Industry-for-Profit which has so little regard for persons! To educate one able-bodied boy in college, to minister to one hysterical woman in church, perhaps ten lives are impoverished in Industry. And the shame of it is that some of these lives are the lives of women and of little children!

IX

THE MIND AND SPIRIT OF THE WORKER

Our present-day Industry has, then, small concern for the bodies of men and women and children. It is quite futile to ask whether such an Industry concerns itself with their minds and with their spirit. And yet, for the sake of completeness, let us put this hopeless question.

It is only a verbal convenience to speak of the body and the mind and the spirit. Man has these three aspects of his being, but they are not separable ingredients, to be mixed together in varying proportions to produce so many varieties of man. Experience in the world at large, and direct experimentation abundantly prove that man is essentially a unit, that his integrity as a man requires the integrity of body and mind and spirit. It is quite impossible to abuse and deaden the body, and have the rest of the man sound and righteous.

The degenerates of the race are physical degenerates. No clear-eyed, clean-skinned youth, sleeping soundly, eating frugally, exercising normally, with health of nerve and muscle and tissue, ever

became a criminal. It is those who are underfed and overworked who do the deeds of violence and outrage. It is those who are overfed and underworked, the gluttons and idlers, who do the morbid, degenerate things.

When, therefore, our modern Industry abuses and cripples and starves the bodies of the poor; when it pampers and overfeeds and overindulges the bodies of the rich, it obstructs the intellectual and spiritual progress of the race quite as inevitably as if it deliberately set out to produce such an evil end. What we sow, we reap. The law of causation knows no exception.

But if, for the moment, we forget the unbeautiful bodies of the workers, their pallor, anemia, narrow chests, crooked shoulders, shrunken limbs, their dull eyes and scarred hands, their tired, shambling walk, and address our inquiry directly to the second person of the human trinity, the mind, the answer is quite what we would expect.

In colder climates, the body is covered with clothes, sometimes with rags, but the face is exposed and the tell-tale hands, and no clothes can quite conceal the figure and the walk. The mind is still more effectively draped, hidden in a garment which never opens; and yet every motion

betrays something of the quality of the mind within. We can study a man's mind by observing very carefully what the man does. If we could take him to a laboratory and submit him to a series of tests, we would have the more complete picture. But there is one test always at hand, — the great test of daily life. How does our man talk, and what does he talk about? What are his pleasures? What does he read? How does he spend a holiday? What is his general attitude towards life, — that is to say, his religion? How does he regard himself, how treat his wife, his children, his old parents, his neighbors, his superiors, his inferiors? What are his political affiliations and ideals? If we could answer these, and a few other questions like them, we could draw up a mental chart of our man that would be tolerably complete.

Let us ask such questions about our American working-man, — not Debs or Mitchell or Washington, but the average man, of the rank and file, — and let us put these questions, not ungraciously, but in a friendly, sympathetic spirit. First of all, how does our American working-man talk and what does he talk about?

If your ear has ever been charmed by cultivated

voices, by skillful inflections, by English pure and undefiled; if your spirit has ever been uplifted and fired by the intimate talk of the best free spirits, what can you say of the manner and content of the average working-man's talk? Is it not true that the manner is execrable, and the content meagre? Our working-man's voice is not charming, unless he brought it, not too long ago, from some other land. How can it be charming, when his throat is full of dust and smoke? His inflections are not attractive, — the roar of machinery, the noise of our industrial life, the silence which they impose, broken only by shrill necessities of speech, — these are not calculated to make his inflections attractive. As a rule, his English is so faulty that it is an offense to cultivated ears. It is so faulty, indeed, that it does not serve the fine offices of speech, for it does not communicate clear thought. This is a serious defect in our working-man. It may not be a serious defect if he is considered merely as so much labor-power; but it is a very grave defect if you consider him as a human being. If we accept Max Müller's dictum, — no thought without language, no language without thought, — we shall have to acknowledge that a defect in language is a defect in thought, and that

all failures in the vernacular are mental failures. If it be true, as is commonly stated and believed, that the vocabulary of the average working-man is limited to a few hundred words, while the rest of us use as many as fifteen thousand words, this can only mean that, by comparison, a mind which accomplishes its purposes with such pitiable material for expression, must be itself a very feeble and limited instrument.

This has long been known,—I am saying nothing new. It has long been assumed that, *of course* a working-man has little to say and few words to say it in. And if you cry out against this poverty of mental life, the ready answer is that a working-man does not need any more. This is very right and proper, if Man exists for Industry, but, it is hideously wrong and infamous if Industry exists for Man. And this latter view, that Industry is the servant, and Man the master, is the inconvenient and inflexible contention of democracy.

Lowell maintained that the best English is spoken in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Howells by way of comment, assented, provided only that Lowell were there to speak it. My own private belief is that the most charming English is spoken in Kentucky, and the most convincing English by

those who agree with you. But whatever standard we set, provided it be a high one, it is proper and reasonable to compare the mental life of the working-man with the rich mental life which such a standard indicates; and when so measured, the mental life of the working-man, the wage-worker, is seen to be as crippled and stunted and disfigured as is his bodily life.

What can a working-man talk about in a few hundred words? If you listen, you will discover that much of his talk is profane, some of it is vulgar, and all of it is limited. Robbed of its profanity and vulgarity,-the residue is mostly shop-talk, especially the personalia of the shop, with an admixture at election times of not very delectable political gossip. There is an absence of the larger intellectual and spiritual issues, no reference to art and music, no outlook, no vista. It is as limited as the curious vocabulary which carries it, as commonplace and mean as the cottages and tenement houses in which the men live. How could it be otherwise? If men give the major part of the working day, and practically all their energy and strength, to an exhausting toil in which they can feel little or no personal interest, what can they talk about when the hard day ends? Yet this is

not an unreasonable yardstick with which to measure the minds of the working-class. Goethe declared the supreme achievement of civilization to be a number of men gathered together in an apartment, talking intelligently. There are few who will deny the validity of such a test.

Very important, too, as an undeniable sign of the inner spirit, is the sincerity of the workingmen in their talk. Are they honest in their speech? As far as my own experience goes, I should have to say that the majority of workingmen are liars. I do not refer now to broken promises, work promised at one time and delivered at another, or even to those common lies in regard to quality and measure which seem current in all trade circles; but I refer to that graver offense, untruthfulness between man and man, untruthfulness in the very fabric of spoken intercourse. My own experience has been that a workman seldom presents you with the facts in the case, but nearly always weaves around them a network of appearances. If he ranks you as a superior, he goes to no end of pains to make a matter appear as he thinks you want it to be, or as he believes would be to his own personal advantage. And generally he is so clumsy in his prevarications that, in spite of your-

self, you are reminded of that saying of Rymer; "What is more hateful than an improbable lie!" And sometimes, if you allow so small a feeling, you are almost insulted at the very low estimate placed upon your own powers of penetration. I do not mean that lying is restricted to the working class, comforting as such a belief might possibly be, but I mean that lying is a vice to which any class that believes itself to be inferior, is particularly prone. The game itself is felt to be unfair, and lying is a part of the armor of defence.

What are the pleasures of our working-man? This has long been regarded as a crucial test, not only of the working-man of to-day, but of all classes in all times. Our idea of pleasure discloses our innermost self. It throws aside all disguises. As Miss Etchingham well remarks, people are only amused by what amuses them. What amuses our working-man; what does he read, how does he spend a holiday?

Drink amuses him. Vice amuses him. The least reliable and most sensational newspaper in the city amuses him. A hearty dinner amuses him. A game of base-ball, or a prize-fight at second-hand in the newspaper, or a nickel theatre, amuses him. But for the most part, he is not amused. He has

lost the talent for happiness. It is pitiable to see him trying to extract pleasure out of a holiday. He wanders around aimlessly and listlessly, too little accustomed to leisure to make good use of it. He indulges in grotesque and meaningless antics. He spends a little money and wonders why he gets so little fun out of it. Judged by his idea of pleasure, our working-man's mental state is not a very satisfactory one.

What the working-man's general attitude toward life is, that is to say, his religion, one may not affirm with too great confidence. The human soul has its reserves, its silences, its inner mysteries. One may not always say from the outer act just what is taking place within the soul. The celebration of All-Saints' Day does reverence to many a nameless saint, doubtless some of them still living. But in general one is forced to infer no great depth to the spiritual life of the working-man, since he is prone to be either an avowed infidel or else a member of one of those churches which demand faith rather than understanding.

In the political life of the working-man, there is an equal lack of spirit. He talks politics, and on election day allows himself a momentary importance; but he is easily hoodwinked into fol-

lowing any party which promises him a full dinner-pail. Neither of the two great political parties has ever shown him real consideration. If under pressure, it enacts legislation for his protection and betterment, it so often happens that the bills are inoperative or the most important ones are declared unconstitutional. This happens time after time, and yet to-morrow our working-man will shout himself hoarse for whichever party of exploitation happens to be in fashion in his neighborhood, and will turn out in droves to vote for men who neither understand his needs nor care to meet them. And he will believe that because he votes he is free.

It is easier, it seems, to believe what you are told than it is to think a matter out for yourself. Year after year, our working-man exemplifies this unfortunate ease by voting for parties which systematically exploit and rob him, which systematically enslave women and children, which systematically squeeze the life out of him between the upper millstone of high prices, and the nether millstone of low wages. And our typical working-man goes on doing this, simply because he does not think, simply because his spirit is dead. He has a nominal political freedom in the ballot, and

his votes outnumber by several fold the votes cast by all the other classes combined. Yet this tremendous instrument, one already in his hands, has never been used to achieve an industrial freedom which would give substance to the present shadow of political freedom. Armed with the ballot, he could at the next election, abolish forever our present Industry-for-Profit, and establish in its place a sane Industry-for-Use.

Yet our working-man does not utilize this wonderful instrument of the modern world, — manhood suffrage. He keeps in power his own oppressors, the oppressors of his wife and children, the upholders of an Industry-for-Profit which brings misery to him and to his class, and brings blessings to none, — a system which is dragging us all down into the pit.

And so I must conclude that our working-man is deficient in mind and spirit, just as we have seen him to be deficient in body. I must conclude that he does not think, that he does not feel, that stupidly he remains a slave when the instrument of liberation is not only within reach, but is actually in his very hands. I do not say this accusingly. On the contrary, it seems to me the unavoidable result of a deadening Industry. But I do say it

very gravely, say it in the hope that our workingman will wake up to the meaning of his position before it is too late.

In saying, as I have been obliged to say, that modern Industry has no concern for the minds and spirits of men, any more than it has for their bodies, that it starves and cripples and kills them without mercy and without compunction, I have drawn a picture which seems quite hopeless and quite paralyzing. But there is one ray of light in the destiny of the workers which we who feel a concern for their welfare cannot make too much of. In the face of some human emergency or disaster, they have shown themselves capable of a devotion and heroism which may well put to the blush the humanity of the more fortunate classes. Having suffered so keenly themselves, the workers have a quicker sympathy for the suffering of others. They know all too well what it is to be cold and hungry and spent.

In times of disaster, the rich give money. The poor have no money to give; they can only give their service. It is needless to say which is the greater gift.

It is not, then, without design that I have delayed until now to put that earlier question, —

How does the working-man regard himself; how does he treat his wife, his children, his old parents, his neighbors, his superiors, his inferiors? It is true that our working-man regards himself far too meanly, or he would not tolerate so much injustice and indignity; but the man with an empty stomach always has hold of the small end of the club. It is true that he is often servile in the presence of his superiors, and abusive behind their backs; that when invested with some petty authority, he is very apt to be a tyrant. It is true that he does not tell the truth. It is true that under the pressure of want and fatigue, he may too often be brutal and unmannerly to his wife and children and old parents, even to his neighbors. Let us admit all this quite frankly. But in his capacity for pity and self-sacrifice, I sometimes think that the working-man has come off more fortunately than his master. In the seething melting-pot of our industrial life, we may yet find, at the bottom, pure gold.

X

INDUSTRY AND LEISURE

It has been a somewhat lengthy task to inquire into the characteristic of Education, and the characteristic of Industry, yet it was necessary to discover these essential characteristics before we could intelligently consider the terms of any possible partnership.

In particular, it was a lengthy task to get at the heart of Industry. And even now the inquiry is not complete. There still remain two important questions. The first has already been hinted at — the effect of our current Industry in curtailing economic leisure.

It has long been a convenient theory of the privileged classes that leisure is good for ourselves, because, being well practiced in this art, we know how to carry it off; but that leisure is quite demoralizing for the workers, because they do not know how to spend such a gentlemanly article, and are pretty sure to make a mess of it. In fact, the privileged classes have a conscientious objection to idleness, on the part of other people. To hear the

current homiletics, one might gather that work was good in and for itself, quite regardless of whether it produced beautiful and useful objects. It is in this same spirit that the rich hold it to be meritorious to "make work for the poor." This false charity condones a lot of self-indulgence. It is this fatuous belief which blinds rich and poor alike to the unforgivable human waste involved in all useless toil, — in all useless competition; advertising; duplicating of service in railroads, stores, hotels, churches, schools; making of shoddy goods devoid of durability and permanent value, — the unforgivable human waste involved in much of our current Industry.

Yet it takes no great penetration to discover that all useless toil is a social crime, and that in economic leisure we have the possibilities of all that makes a nation happy and prosperous and great. This is the plain teaching of history. Out of economic leisure have sprung all the achievements which posterity has cared to remember. It has been the generous fountain of all art and science, all philosophy and literature and religion. We do not reverence Greece because of her Industry. We reverence her because of her matchless sculpture and architecture, her incomparable literature and

philosophy. It was through their compelling power that Greece became the mistress of the world. It was not through her arms or manufactures or commerce. And this dominance of the spirit, this preeminence, this distinction, ancient Greece has never lost. Reconstructing the daily life of Greece from these monuments of her leisure, one can easily persuade oneself that it were better in many ways to have lived then rather than now. But the Grecian scheme of life rested, as we now know, upon a false industrial system, upon slavery, and no superstructure, however beautiful, built upon such foundations, can long endure. Like man himself, the social fabric is a unity, and to resist decay, it must be sound throughout.

In an obscure Roman province, Jesus practiced the art of carpentry. The modern Christian world would hold as very precious any object of his craftsmanship. But it was not his industry that moved the world. It was the terrible sincerity of his teaching. He was not hired to teach. He was not the paid minister of a new gospel. It was after the bread-and-butter question had been disposed of, out of his economic leisure, out of the fulness of a free heart, that Jesus spoke and taught.

One of the most influential, and certainly the

most interesting man of his time was St. Francis of Assisi. Yet he was so little industrial that he took Poverty as his bride.

The England of Victoria, with all its huge Industry, was less happy, less prosperous, less essentially interesting, than the England of Elizabeth. The England of Edward and George, with its crippled working-class, its vanishing middle class, its over-rich landowners, brewers, and manufacturers, its titled promoters and tea-merchants, promises to be less admirable than either.

On every side, one may read the same story. Where Industry has served, man has done great things; where Industry has been the master, the national life has been a national failure.

But our main concern, at present, is with America. We have almost one hundred million persons within our boundaries. We pride ourselves on being great workers. We have praised incessant toil; we have disparaged idleness. What have we done, — what have we to show for all this bustling activity? It must be confessed that in all those things for which a nation is loved and remembered, we have pitiably little to offer either to our contemporaries or to posterity. Our national life now covers nearly a century and a half. We have been

notably free from foreign invasion and widespread calamity. We have had fertile fields, wonderful forests, rich mines. We have mighty rivers and great lakes and miles of sea-coast. We have coal-mines and water-powers. We have a climate covering the whole range of heat and cold, but on the whole singularly favorable to human life. Nature has been extraordinarily bountiful. We might have used this bounty to produce the noblest race of which the world has any record, for our ancestry was indisputably good. We might have so administered our resources as to satisfy the reasonable needs of all, and to give to each that splendid leisure from which spring the enduring works of the spirit. But we failed. In no great nation of which we have any record might one so pertinently ask, — and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

The American soul is amazingly meagre. We have been frightfully industrious. We have worked in season and out of season. But we have neglected the well-springs of national life, of national art, of national music, of national achievement generally; and we have paid the penalty. Such culture as we have is largely borrowed. Our visitors from over-seas remark in our somewhat culti-

vated homes an inevitable copy of Botticelli's *Spring*. In the homes of the working class they would find chromos and a rigid portraiture of the last presidential candidate. We have American artists, and a few of them stand in the first rank, but for the most part they go abroad. We have no national art. We have the beginnings of civic appreciation, but we can show little at present beyond a few expensive portraits of very rich persons. One has only to visit two of our great libraries, the Boston Library and the Congressional Library, to remark the difference between imported art and native art. In the one we have Sargent, Abbey, Puvis de Chavannes. In the other, we have what we have.

It is true that we have the beginnings of American music, but as yet, in spite of our age and numbers, its voice is very faint. The programmes of the great concerts are made up from foreign composers. And the artists who perform these works, aside from the extraordinary song-birds of the grand opera, are mostly from Continental Europe.

Our great architects could be marked off on the fingers of one hand. They have given us a few very beautiful buildings,— all in European style. We spend large sums of money for buildings of

all sorts, — for houses, schools, churches, theatres, stores, offices, warehouses, city halls, factories, state capitols, and the like, — an expanding nation must at the same time be a building nation, — but in few places in Christendom is the general level of architectural taste so low as in America. Our cities and towns offer the spectacle of square miles of desolating ugliness. They could hardly be uglier if they had deliberately set out to be ugly. This is particularly true of the homes of the working class, those millions of homes which offer a primitive and somewhat uncertain shelter, but little comfort or beauty. Perhaps our worst spiritual failures are where we have really tried to do something fine, in prosperous mansions, churches, schoolhouses, theatres, and libraries. Whenever, in town or city, one sees a large building that is particularly ugly, one is tempted to believe that it must be a schoolhouse, and that in some one of the dismal rooms they are teaching, with scant success, the outlines of elementary art.

In literature we have made a tremendous showing so far as volume is concerned; and those of our writers and publishers who have hit upon the "big sellers" have grown correspondingly rich. The Congressional Library at Washington con-

tains over a million books on which copyright has been taken out, and several hundred thousand pamphlets. It would be discouraging to ask how many of these works have any permanent value. We are most prolific in our output of novels, but by common consent, nothing is accounted more stale and unprofitable than the novel of year before last. In the more prominent monthlies it is significant that the serial stories are mostly by Europeans, and that the short stories, by Americans, are mostly poor. Our literary activity now covers over two centuries, but in all these long years we have not produced a single poet, a single essayist, a single novelist of the very first rank.

In the world of ideas we have perhaps made the best showing along scientific lines. There are two definite reasons for this creditable achievement. In the first place, the scientific worker is by nature solitary and international. He does not depend upon local interest and sympathy, upon the social atmosphere of his particular habitat. He serves a mistress who is herself all-sufficient. In his restless, painstaking search for truth, he needs neither external encouragement nor external reward. To seek the truth is in itself a privilege

above all others; and to find it, a recompense greater than king or emperor could bestow. And then, in the second place, the applications of science are so numerous and profitable that vast sums have been spent upon laboratories and scientific investigation which would not have been so readily forthcoming for other work. The American scientist has had both the incentive and the material means, and he has rendered a creditable account of his stewardship. One might instance as a third reason for our distinction in science, particularly in natural history and geology, that an unexplored Continent, stretching from ocean to ocean, and from northern cold to southern heat, offered an almost unparalleled field for observation and exploration.

I shall not venture upon anything so rash as a comparison between our American achievement in science, and the corresponding achievement in other countries, but one cannot avoid the reflection that Germany, with half as many people and much smaller wealth, has accomplished vastly more than we with our ninety-odd millions and untold wealth have been able to accomplish. Nor can any one who knows American life at all thoroughly avoid the conclusion that in spite of our large scientific

achievement, the masses of our people have not acquired either the scientific habit of thought, or the scientific passion for truth.

In philosophy we have produced many writers, a few brilliant essayists, but not one original thinker of the first rank,— not one luminary. Our most considerable man of letters, Emerson, rendered signal service to the youth of America by his stimulating essays, but in the history of philosophy he must be ranked as an exponent and popularizer, rather than as a contributor.

In religion, we have been fertile in schisms and creeds, but the total effect of all this activity has been to discredit religion, rather than to strengthen it. The complete failure of so-called Christianity to live up to the plain, outspoken teachings of Jesus is rapidly bringing all of its sects into disrepute. I do not mean the petty scandals, the divorces, adulteries, defalcations, corruptions, dissentions and bickerings of which its members have been proved guilty, but I mean the major scandal of all,— the failure of the Christian church to realize the brotherhood of man. Instead of brotherhood, the Church has aided and abetted the enemies of brotherhood, the children of privilege, who are intensifying that social cleav-

age which to-day divides America into two alien nations, those who have and those who have not. All great religions condemn usury. Yet our Christian churches, and especially our Protestant churches, are largely supported by those who are, *par excellence*, the chief usurers of the nation. A church which rests upon a false economic foundation is quite as insecure as a nation which is similarly placed, and far more reprehensible. For the church is an ideal institution, claiming to be God's representative on earth, and bound by all that is holy, to be sincere and honest and just. I am afraid that the day is rapidly approaching when men in whom the religious instinct is deep and vital will be ashamed to call themselves Christians, for the term will mean not *Friend of Man*, but *Friend of Profit*.

The topics we have here touched upon reach deep down into the very roots of our American life. Such a survey, however incomplete, supports the very grave charge that any Industry which takes all of a man's time and strength and life for toil, and leaves only enough of the twenty-four hours for food and sleep and scant recuperation for another day of toil dooms the nation which practices such an Industry to a pitiable sterility

in all those achievements of the spirit for which a nation is loved and remembered.

At the present moment, our wealthy classes affect culture; our working classes confess barbarism. But in the last analysis, it is the working class which, quite unconsciously perhaps, apprehend the source of national culture and achievement. The wealthy classes profess an honest concern for the happiness of the worker, but in their industrial practice they stand almost unanimously for the long working day, for ten hours, for twelve hours if they can command it. They stand for unremitting labor, for man-labor, for woman-labor, for child-labor. It is impossible to deny this, since it is these classes which fight for the long working day in their labor contracts, in the courts, even in their own domestic service. It is enough to made one heartsick to hear women discuss the servant problem; and the hostile way in which they complain that nowadays the maids want to be let out twice a week, — women who go out themselves morning, noon, and night, if they wish to, and who enjoy every luxury, without rendering one hour of genuine toil. And when men discuss their payrolls, and the amount of work to be got out of their laborers, one wonders whether it is only imagination

which has failed to act, or the human heart itself.

In spite of the enormous productivity of labor-power acting in conjunction with steam and machinery, in spite of piled-up wealth and low wages, in spite of the army of the unemployed hungry for work on any terms, it is our wealthy classes who have the eight hour working day declared unconstitutional.

The working class has the truer instinct. It fights for a shorter day of toil. It has never asked, I think, for less than eight hours; but it would be still more reasonable, still sounder socially and economically if it resolutely demanded six hours, or even four. This shorter day would afford employment for all, would disband, once for all, that pitiable, hungry army of the unemployed; and still more it would allow a generous economic leisure in which to cultivate health and strength, thought and feeling, delight and insight. It is in this soil that art grows and flourishes, science and literature and philosophy take root and come to fruitage. It is quite useless to expect America to yield the precious fruits of the spirit until a transformed Industry has made the spirit alive and free. An Industry which claims practically all the waking hours,

which leaves no time or strength for other things, utterly kills the very sources of national achievement. The spirit needs leisure, needs quiet, needs solitude, needs brooding. It is the still small voice, not the whirlwind and the thunder. If, then, we genuinely care for the human spirit and its achievement, it ought to be our constant effort to reduce the bread-and-butter working day to the very utmost. It is the belief of those who have studied the question that even now, if American Industry were limited to socially necessary work, if the hideous wastes were eliminated, if the drones turned workers, we could maintain a better standard of daily living than we now enjoy, and do it with two hours of daily toil.

Machinery and improved industrial processes generally, have made modern Industry so efficient, so marvelously efficient, that on all sides there might be this wholesome reduction of toil to a minimum, and the consequent wholesome increase in the fruitful hours of economic leisure. But an Industry-for-Profit will never permit this. By robbing men of leisure we have robbed them of capacity, and the great things of the spirit are no longer possible.

The privileged classes do not, as a rule, perceive

the poverty of our American life. They are conscious of its discontent, but they take it to be personal, and allow themselves to think that, though they may be a bit out of sorts themselves, the rest of the world is all right. And they fancy that, because they have themselves an acquired appreciation of Botticelli's *Spring*, and have learned to like the things in art and literature and music that Ruskin or some other self-appointed guide has told them that they ought to like, they must be themselves the proper sources of all these great works; and that, if they would but exert themselves a little more, they too could produce an art, a literature, and a music, not only of the first order, but even somewhat in advance of anything that has yet been done.

But the privileged classes deceive themselves. The works which they have, by way of illustration, so far produced, are not great works of art. They are feeble imitations of the things reputed to be great. They are the works of amateurs and dilettanti.

The great things of the spirit are not born in such an atmosphere. They are not the product of any exclusive, superior, privileged class. The members of such a class can do clever things, can please

one another, but they cannot do great things. When men turn aside from the needful and important things of life, when they inaugurate and perpetuate injustice, when they oppress men and women and children that they may themselves live in luxury and idleness, when they busy themselves with sham occupations and trifles, they have entered upon a sterile ground from which no great thing ever sprang. If there is no inner necessity, no great emotion pressing for utterance, there can be no great art, no great literature, no great music. These things are well known. Yet year after year, we turn to these privileged classes and ask for something that they cannot give. The one possible source of great national achievement is always the same, — it is always in the daily life of the great mass of the people. If these have nothing to express, then nothing can be done, for the fountains have gone dry. This is what has happened in America. Museums, libraries, art academies, public schools and universities cannot unlock the fountains. It is not the technique that is wanting, it is the emotion itself.

XI

OUR FRIEND, THE PROFITER

THE second and final question still to be asked before we can at last pronounce upon the essential characteristic of our present-day Industry is the question how such an Industry affects the people on the other side of the economic wall, the so-called fortunate people, — those who get the Profit.

We have seen beyond a doubt that for those who produce this monstrous Profit, the working class, our present-day Industry is an unforgivable evil; that it has no concern for the body or the mind or the spirit; no concern whatever for the ideals and the future of the race. We have seen that in robbing the working class of leisure it robs the nation of that spiritual atmosphere in which alone we can hope for any national achievement in art and science, philosophy and literature.

If such a result is inevitable, it would at least be comforting to believe that, big as the price is, we still get something substantial for it; that in the receivers of Profit, and especially in that one per

cent of our people who own one half of America, we still have some genuine compensation for those sad wrecks in the back street, the makers of Profit. Have we any ground for indulging such a comforting belief?

For one who has been somewhat among the workers, it is an easy task to speak understandingly of their daily life. It is a life so engrossed with the bread-and-butter struggle, so monotonous, so devoid of intellectual and spiritual complexities, that a sympathetic observer may feel some assurance that he is reading it adequately. The very poverty of such a life makes it all too legible. But it is amazingly difficult to speak searchingly of one's own class. One has the intimate knowledge of how that class, day by day, feels and acts; but one has, in addition, the blindness peculiar to one's class. That my own class believes in our present Industry-for-Profit, in spite of its cruelty and injustice, constitutes in my eyes, the condemnation of the class. But at present, that is not the question. The question is, what effect this Industry-for-Profit has upon the class itself, upon the profit-takers, upon those of us for whom the wolf at the door has been pretty permanently bought off. The effect must be measured, not by the personal

opinions of men inside or outside of the class, but by standards which we should all admit to be valid. My own class, being the class of privilege, of culture, of opportunity, — in a word, the superior class, — would wish, of course, to be measured by the highest standards. To apply a smaller yardstick would be an insult. So I have chosen those old and proved measuring-rods of human quality, the Cardinal Virtues. If an Industry-for-Profit has strengthened or even left unimpaired these major virtues in the profit-takers, we may safely forego any scrutiny of the minor virtues.

The Cardinal Virtues of the ancient world, at least as far back as Aristotle, were Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude. These seem, at first blush, rather easy virtues, and one would be disposed, off-hand, to claim them for the majority of one's friends, and even modestly, for one's self. But the real issue is not so much whether the comfortable classes live up to their own ideals of Justice and Prudence and Temperance and Fortitude, as it is whether their ideals are themselves defensible. Let us grant, for the moment, what would be a large charity, that these classes live up to their own standards, that is to their own ideals of the major and minor virtues. How do they in-

terpret these grave matters of conduct, and do they apply the same standards to themselves that they do to other men?

This test is the more legitimate since nearly all students now accept the economic interpretation of history, and agree that the social and ethical ideals of each class are the direct results of its economic condition. The way your daily bread and butter comes to you determines the ground you take in reviewing the moral issues of life. And this, be it remembered, is just what we are after, — the effect of profit-taking upon the profit-takers.

We may well begin with the largest virtue of all, with Justice. The standard of Justice in America is unquestionably set by the ruling class, — it could not be otherwise, — and the ruling class, as any one can see by the most casual observation, is unquestionably made up of profit-takers.

A nation expresses its ideal of Justice in its laws and in its courts and in its officials. In America we have so many different systems of laws, so many varieties of courts acting under these various systems, such an army of officials acting under such multitudinous courts, that the ordinary citizen may well be excused for his fairly com-

plete ignorance of so involved a topic. But the situation somewhat clears up when we sift this miscellany into two large groups, — the State laws and courts and officials on the one side, and the Federal laws and courts and officials on the other. We have now about forty-eight separate states, in addition to Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The most elementary examination of the law as it prevails in these fifty-two communities will show a wide variation not only in details, but also in essentials. Such a comparison supports the economic interpretation of history, since in general, it discloses the direct dependence of the law upon the way the citizens make their daily bread and butter. It also discloses a variable ideal of Justice, and on the whole, a progressive ideal. But for our present purpose, we may profitably turn from this conflicting summary to the simpler statutes, courts, and officials of the Federal Government.

In gaining this convenience, we make no sacrifice, since Washington is naturally an epitome of the whole country, and may properly be considered to represent our average American conception of Justice.

At Washington, one is struck immediately with

the fact that America is in no sense a Democracy. The greatest democrat that America has yet produced is Walt Whitman, and this is his conception of Democracy: —

"*I speak the pass-word primeval. I give the sign of Democracy.*

"*By God, I will accept nothing which all may not have their counterpart of on the same terms.*"

These are the essentials of Democracy, — the open door of opportunity, and the stern refusal to accept privilege, — but need I add, that these are not the characteristics of Washington life.

The Senate, as we all know, is the home of special interests. There are some honorable exceptions, but the great rank and file of Senators represent industries rather than commonwealths, — steel, coal, oil, wool, cotton, copper, railways, telegraphs, express companies, and the like, — and represent, not the human side of these industries, but the Profit side.

The House is more popular in its personnel, but until recently it has given scarcely any better account of itself. It is true that there are conflicts between the two bodies, but these are over petty details, not over their conception of Democracy,

their ideal of Justice. Both bodies have the same ideal, and this ideal is that Justice has to do for the most part with Property and with the conservation of privilege. The major part of the business transacted by the Congress is highly unimportant. It seldom goes to the root of the matter, to men just because they are men.

The Senate is more aristocratic than the House, but a frightened Senator, at election time, makes precisely the same appeal that a frightened Representative does, — not the appeal to what he has done for Justice and humanity, but the more sordid appeal to what he has done for his constituents. If you doubt this, you have only to listen to election speeches, or read the reports of them in the daily newspapers. The Congress is recognized as a fight and Washington as a battle-ground. The victory does not consist in the splendid spectacle of Senators and Representatives pulling together against the forces of darkness and ignorance, and moving, all triumphant, into a more comprehensive ideal and practice of Justice. The fight is not for the welfare of all Americans. Victory does not mean this. It means the triumph of advantage to some political party, more often to some particular man. The most successful Congressman is not he

who has most served America, but he who has carried back to his constituents the largest measure of the spoils. This is what he was sent there for. He is no more to blame than they who sent him are to blame. Both fail in their conception of Justice. The whole activity at Washington is saturated with the idea and the practice of priviledge. It knows almost nothing of Democracy. It is much outraged when one privileged person attempts to rob another privileged person. But when the whole privileged class robs the working class of what amounts to life and liberty and the hope of happiness, Washington shows no concern, and can only with the greatest difficulty be coaxed to take action.

I commend to any one who is in earnest in his desire to know how an Industry-for-Profit affects the ideal of Justice in the profit-taker to study carefully for one month the official life in Washington, both at the White House and the Capitol, as reported by some trustworthy journal. The defect in the national justice is a defect not in the carrying-out of an ideal, but that far graver matter, an essential defect in the ideal itself.

Failing in Justice, we cannot expect the privileged classes to make any great show in the way

of Prudence and Temperance and Fortitude. But if we examined the facts in the case, I think we should find that the failure was once more in the ideal and consisted in setting up standards that are in no sense universal and ethical, — one standard for themselves, and a totally different standard for less privileged persons. It is quite obvious that if you play with loaded dice in economic matters, you will do the same in moral matters.

At Washington, we have the realization of the favorite doctrine of the Republican party, the doctrine of centralization, and we have along with centralization, a failure of Justice. The Democratic party would have us believe that in their hands all will be fair and right. Let us inquire how the Democratic party is now managing affairs in those states where it is undoubtedly in the ascendant. This inquiry is the more pertinent because the favorite doctrine of the Democratic party is here best realized, the doctrine of States' Rights. We will not apply any touchstone so antique as the Cardinal Virtues, but will turn to a phrase very toothsome in the mouths of the politicians of both parties. We will ask how the several states safeguard the life, the liberty, and the pursuit of happiness of their many citizens. We may well begin

with the major and elemental good, with life itself.

Some years ago, there appeared in a leading English review a disquieting article, entitled, "The Mark of Cain in the Great Republic." Examining the record of crime in America, the writer of the article practically called us a nation of murderers. This article made less impression than it deserved. As the work of a foreigner it was easy to dismiss it with a shrug, and call it prejudice. But now comes along a fellow citizen, and a very distinguished one at that, Mr. Andrew D. White, and presents a record which would suggest that we, one of the greatest boasters on the planet, are in reality one of the worst governed countries in the whole civilized world. Here are his figures: —

For every million inhabitants, Canada has each year three murders; Germany under five; Great Britain ten; France fourteen, and Belgium sixteen. These records are distressing enough, but they fade into insignificance before our own record. In the United States of America, Mr. White says, we have one hundred and twenty-nine murders per million inhabitants every year! In one single year, over eleven thousand men and women and children are murdered. Picture some pretty sub-

urban town with this number of inhabitants, and imagine the thrill of horror that would go pulsing through the Nation if such a town were suddenly wiped out of existence by some natural calamity, — fire, flood, earthquake, tidal wave or tornado, — and every single soul perished. The pity would be nation-wide. And to pity would be added consternation, when it came to be known that in the next and all succeeding years, the same dreadful sacrifice of human life was bound to take place. Even the thought that the disaster was inevitable would not reconcile us to it. What do you think, then, would be our state of mind when we came to find out that the disaster was wholly preventable, that these people had been murdered by their own country-men, and that the same butchery would take place next year?

Such a record of murder would be inexcusable in Darkest Africa. It is the more shocking here in America, because it could have been prevented had our courts of law and the officers of the law done their very plain and elementary duty. One murderer in seventy-four pays the death-penalty, and for the rest an average imprisonment of seven years settles the score. All over the United States, these terrible murders are taking place, over thirty

of them a day; and they are most numerous in the Southern and Western States, that is to say, in precisely those States where our Democratic friends are most in power. It is a grave charge against the ideal of Justice entertained by the ruling class that such outrages should be permitted to go on. Yet we are so little shocked by them that we accept them quite as a matter of course.

It is significant that our courts of law mete out a justice of so tardy and uncertain a character that nine men out of ten will accept a compromise, however just their case, rather than submit to the expense, delay, and uncertainty of a process at law. Too often a lawsuit reduces to a duel of legal wits, in which Justice has as little show as in those earlier and more picturesque duels which we now regard as childish. The spectacle of paid lawyers in a court of justice is in itself a denial of Justice. Justice is not the result of advocacy. It is the result of intelligent and disinterested scrutiny. Our very way of handling Justice shows that as a nation we have scant conception of what Justice is.

The ruling classes have shown themselves neither very competent guardians of the life and liberty and happiness of their country-men, nor very brilliant exponents of the ideal of Justice. The

defect is a defect in universality. We do not ask these things for all Americans. We only ask them for ourselves, or, at most, for our own class. Having the power, we close the door of opportunity. Having the power, we demand and we get privilege.

It is obviously beyond the limits of our space to consider all the doings of the profit-takers as such; but it would be too marked an omission not to say a word in regard to their relations among themselves. When it comes to dealing with the profit-producers, the working class, they present a very solid front, but within the ranks of the profit-takers themselves, there is always civil war. Contention comes when the spoils are divided. The general name for this division of the spoils is Business. It may also be described as the opposite of coöperation and brotherhood. In the name of Business, it is good form to do what you must. When I was a small boy, it was good form to tell the truth; indeed a strict rule of the game in our well-organized world of small boys. But if you crossed your fingers, you were at liberty to say any outrageous thing you pleased, and it did not count against you. Of course you were in honor bound to let it be seen that your fingers were crossed, or failing that, to confess to it afterward.

Apparently in business, the fingers are always crossed. Whether the fact was honorably proclaimed or only accidentally discovered by the onlooker, I am not prepared to say. At any rate we have become pretty much a nation of liars. The lying is commonly excused on the ground that it is necessary. It has been put to me that in business, lying is so universal that it deceives no one, and is therefore harmless. The selling part of the commercial world goes even a step farther, and places the blame of the lying upon the buying part of the commercial world, — a clear case of pot calling kettle black. The buyers ask such silly questions; they want to get wool and pay for cotton; they are, in a word, so greedy of a full pennyworth, that really the seller *must* lie to them to keep the game going. All this has been explained to me with a nice show of moral discrimination.

It would be distressing enough if the profit-takers denounced lying, but still lied. It is worse than that, it is an indication of national rottenness; for they not only lie, but justify and excuse lying. Here again, the defect is not a mere weakness of the flesh, but, far more significant, it is a defect in the ideal itself.

XII

PROFIT AND THE THINGS OF THE SPIRIT

It is not a gracious task to inquire into the effect of profit-taking upon the profit-takers, — even when it is a profit-taker who does the inquiring, — and I have touched upon it as lightly as may be for the purpose in hand; but before bringing the inquiry to an end, I cannot refrain from calling attention to the ugliness of the outer world which the profit-takers have produced, and returning for a moment to certain spiritual aspects of the case.

I have been, as I have already confessed, in every state in the Union with one exception; I have been in Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, Canada and Hawaii; I have been many times in Europe, and I have taken that grand promenade of the privileged classes, the journey around the world. But in all this wandering I have seen nothing more hideous than you may see any day in approaching one of our large American cities, — Boston, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, or San Francisco. I had occasion recently to take the journey from New

York to Philadelphia, and the memory still remains with me in a series of nightmare pictures, — Jersey City, Newark, New Brunswick, Trenton, Bristol, Frankford. It is the profit-takers who own the greater part of this world and who consent to its desolating ugliness. How futile for them to buy the masterpieces of Europe, and erect free museums and art galleries! How futile for them to bemoan the lack of art appreciation in America! Art cannot flourish in such an atmosphere of squalor and deformity. It would be bad enough if the profit-takers loved beauty, but by some cruel necessity achieved American cities. The defect is deeper. At heart, Americans do not love the beautiful. They love fashion, and bric-à-brac and the garish evidence of personal wealth; but for disinterested, *unowned*, essential beauty, they have no love, because they have no eye for it. Profit has blinded them. On all sides, their possessions offend us. They have built factories for the workers to work in, and tenements and houses for the workers to live in, so hideous that they smite the very spirit. After four centuries of occupation, we have an America less beautiful, on the whole, than that unspoiled, virgin America which Columbus discovered.

Grave as this fault is, it would still be forgivable, if it were named a fault, and repented of in sackcloth and ashes. But again, the defect is essential, — it is in the ideal. This hideousness which we have on all sides produced is not recognized as an eye-sore and an abomination. On the contrary, the profit-takers call it progress and civilization. Turn a crowd of capitalists loose on any remaining bit of earthly loveliness, and you know very well what happens: they will cut down every beautiful tree, dam every power-yielding stream, burrow into every hillside, erect shacks and factories and warehouses so hideous that they suggest Sin itself, and then, as a crowning irony, will bestow upon the general desolation their own unlovely names.

This hideousness of our outer America is but the visible sign and symbol of a spiritual decay and death. There are nearly one hundred millions of us, and as I have been regretfully pointing out, we have produced nothing memorable in sculpture, architecture, painting, music, literature; and in science, our achievement has been less than with smaller and poorer nations elsewhere. It is true that when we boast, — as we sometimes do, — we are not so prone to turn to our achievement in Art

as to point out the great things we have done in Education. We spend large sums on Education. We build thousands of school-houses and colleges. We forgive a man any amount of iniquity if only when he dies he will make a post-mortem investment in a university. We might be said to centre our national pride on our Education. It is a heresy of the worst sort to question its quality. And yet, what is the truth of the matter? What test, for instance, shall one apply to get at the inner quality of this product on which we have spent so much time and money?

It is a very simple test, but essentially sound, I think, to ask whether Americans are interesting, — not picked Americans, — but the rank and file, say, ninety out of our ninety-odd millions. I do not mean interesting as money-getters, or as irrepressibles, or as psychological types and specimens, but in that homelier and sweeter sense, interesting to live with day after day, interesting to talk to, to spend an evening with around the fire, to take a walk with in the woods, to climb a mountain with, to go buggy-driving with. This seems to me the real test of an education. If we are not an interesting people, then assuredly, our education has been along false lines.

I hardly dare to pass judgment upon so vital and penetrating a matter. If I have not found the majority of Americans interesting, the fault may easily have been my own, but it has not been because of limited experience. When you first meet, there is generally a great show of conversation, but it consists for the most part of questions, very personal, usually impertinent. Once these are answered, the talk is apt to flag. Conversation, as Goethe suggested, is the test of civilization. It is applicable to the profit-takers, quite as much as to that group of working-men whose talk, we earlier found, to be so meagre and so little worth while.

People are only interesting as they are in a big way impersonal and disinterested. It is the same with conversation. The place for intimacy is by your own fireside, and only then with your belovèd. Your lover may care to know how you slept, but the rest of the world, hardly. It is this insistent personal note that makes the majority of Americans so uninteresting, and their conversation so dull. And I ascribe it to the fact that their lives are so over-personal, that they are all of them, as it were, "on the make." The only remedy, it seems to me, is to remove from our American life the element of greed; to draw Americans away from a too close

study of their personal destiny, and to lead them into that larger consciousness which concerns itself primarily with the eternal, impersonal, disinterested values. So long as the national comment upon every given situation is the typical one, — *what is there in it for me?* — we shall never be great as a nation, or interesting as individuals. Until this comment ceases to be typical, American Education must be written down as a failure.

In politics, the test activity of a people, we have not met with great success. Our profit-takers have made the name of politician a by-word and a reproach; and as we have just seen, they have neither safeguarded life nor made Justice prevail.

But our most complete and regrettable failure has been in the most ideal enterprise of all, in our religion. Our profit-takers have built up a so-called Christian Church, the very stones of whose buildings cry out against them unto God. For these buildings have been erected, not by pious, willing hands, praising God in their work, but by unbelieving hands, out of moneys gained from doubtful sources, moneys gained by exploiting the labor of the poor, men and women and little children. These churches have been built out of Profit, and represent the Institution of Privilege quite as

completely as do banks and palaces, private yachts and parlor cars, armies and navies.

And inside the churches, a paid clergyman preaches the required formulary, — privilege and inequality and the closed door of opportunity, — and a paid choir sings the required hymns, while the very pews are rented or sold, the chief places going to those best able to pay for them!

Most monstrous of all are the people in the pews. They are a sensual people, overdressed, overfed, over-indulged. One might forgive the vulgarity of it, if only they were sincere, and were avowed worshippers of Mammon, and the bodily appetites and passions; but the unutterable shame of it is that they are gathered together in the name of Jesus, — of Jesus, the ascetic, the preacher of brotherhood, the friend of the poor, the social teacher whose supreme commandment was that we should love one another. With their lips, these sensual profit-takers avow the teaching of Jesus; at his name they bow; but outside, in action and in frank speech, they proclaim that the sublime teachings of Jesus must not be taken seriously; that in reality he was a visionary and a dreamer, and that his teachings are not suited to a practical business world. It is a horrible mockery and

I do not wonder that the working class is tempted to regard the Christian Church as something hypocritical and unclean.

To fall short of one's profession is an all too common defect, and no one can afford to be uncharitable in his judgments, no one can afford to throw stones. We be all of us dwellers in glass houses. But it is not this common defect that we complain of in the Christian Church. Once more, it is a radical defect in the ideal itself. To profess one creed inside the Church, the creed of brotherhood, and then, outside, in the world of Industry-for-Profit, to declare in both speech and deed that brotherhood is impracticable, is to commit intellectual suicide as well as spiritual perjury.

It may be that both Democracy and Christianity are too difficult creeds. It may be that they are unwise creeds. That question is always open. But so far as we know anything in this perplexing world of ours, we know that it is out-and-out rottenness to profess these creeds, or any other creeds, and in the same breath to deny them.

Our New England ancestors, with their consciences tender in all abstract questions, tough in most concrete matters, were much concerned, as you may remember, about the one unpardonable

sin; and many a disquieted soul believed itself guilty. I am disposed to believe, with Mr. Jonathan Edwards, that there is one unpardonable sin, and to believe that it is this: to proclaim one thing before God, in His temple, and then, outside, behind His back, as it were, to proclaim the very opposite. It is unpardonable, because the entertaining, at the same moment of time, of beliefs diametrically opposed to each other, means the crumbling away of the Intellect itself.

This same blasphemy permeates our social life. I have no intention of adding my own little quota to the discussion of divorce, but it seems to me a monstrous thing that men and women should in the presence of God and the assembled company swear to be faithful to each other unto death, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity, and then, on very slender provocation indeed, lightly disregard such a solemn vow. It may be that it is not wise to swear so grave a troth, that a mere civil marriage would be better; but once sworn, the breaking of such a vow is a character loss of the utmost gravity.

It is then my own leisurely belief that my own class, the class of privilege, suffers horribly from the operation of an Industry-for-Profit, suffers in

spiritual and ethical and intellectual disintegration a loss even more deplorable than the bodily hardships and privations of the disinherited poor. And personally I see no salvation ahead for either class until our national and individual life is cleansed from Profit. This is the objective thing. The subjective thing that we want to get rid of is Greed.

This tragedy of the privileged classes is the more pitiable when it befalls, as it so often does, perfectly well-meaning persons who are quite unconscious of wrong-doing, but who are vividly conscious of the result, — the discontent, the restlessness, the ennui; the persons who have coined that modern, terrible phrase, *the fear of life*. There are hosts of them, — clergymen, writers, teachers, artists, merchants, ladies bountiful, philanthropists, bankers, — whose mental processes are so befogged by the assumptions which they find current in daily life, that they do not know the meaning of life, do not know that they themselves are living a lie. Yet the way out is very simple: it is the path of coöperation and brotherhood.

XIII

THE TWO ALTERNATIVES

It may have seemed a long way around Robin Hood's barn, but we have reached, I think, what we were after, — the characteristic of Education and the characteristic of Industry.

The characteristic of Education is, first and last and always, its supreme concern for persons, for the integrity of their bodies, for the sound fibre of their minds, for the vitality of their spirit. Education is then the implacable and uncompromising enemy of all that makes against human welfare.

The characteristic of Industry is, first and last and always, its supreme concern for Profit, — to make things cheap and to sell them dear. This is the tie which binds planter, miner and manufacturer, transporter and trader, into one exploiting brotherhood. Industry has no concern for persons. Through the perfecting of machinery, it squeezes them out of its processes as rapidly as possible, quite regardless of their necessities. Our Industry is only interested in labor-power; and such persons as it must use, it uses with monstrous disregard of their welfare,

demanding the longest hours, the hardest toil and the least wage ; and, in the end, tossing aside the crippled and worn-out laborer without compunction and without mercy. Nor has our Industry in general any great concern for things, for their beauty and worth and durability. It offers only so much of these qualities as will entice the buyer. Where semblance is as good a bait as reality, it offers semblance, and with still greater enthusiasm, for semblance is the cheaper. The sole concern of our Industry is with Profit.

The blighting effect of such an Industry upon all whom it touches, the profit-producers and the profit-takers alike, and upon the nation as a whole, we have already, at some length, seen.

Between Education and modern Industry there is, then, a profound antagonism, an abyss as deep and broad as that impassable gulf which yawned between Lazarus and a certain rich man. Yet it is now proposed to combine Education and Industry. It is obvious, now that we understand the matter, that in their present form, no such combination is possible. Between enterprises so diametrically opposed not even a compromise is possible. If Education and Industry are to combine, it can only be when one of them has suffered so complete a

change of heart as to be virtually transformed. Education may give over its concern for persons; or Industry may give over its concern for Profit. Broadly speaking, these are the only alternatives. It is the more important just now to inquire into the exact human significance of these alternatives since it is quite possible that some such transformation is even now taking place under our very eye, without our realizing it or at all understanding it. That new term, *Industrial Education*, or as it is phrased, with even greater gentility, *Vocational Education*, which is at present so much in evidence, would indicate at least that Education and Industry are keeping company, and intend in the not very distant future to set up house-keeping together. As Industry appears to be the wooer, we may not unreasonably mistrust the final result.

We propose, then, to inquire into the significance of these alternatives, and to do it with the same thoroughness with which we inquired into the inner heart of Education and Industry.

XIV

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

If, then, my analysis of their characteristics be correct, there is, without doubt, a great gulf fixed between Education and Industry; that is to say, between Education, as conceived by the friends of the Spirit, and present-day Industry as shaped by the lovers of Profit. The ideals for which they stand are so essentially irreconcilable that Education and present-day Industry cannot be combined on any terms whatever. We may seize hold upon the current phrase, *Industrial Education*, but it does not mean a happy compound made up of two vastly important human elements, Education and Industry. It means one of two perfectly definite alternatives; it means either an Industry which has swallowed Education bodily, displacing the old educational goal of human integrity and quality by the new industrial goal of efficient labor-power; or else it means an Education which has altogether thrown over our current Industry-for-Profit and substituted for it an Industry-for-Use which is the servant rather than the master of men.

These two alternatives are perfectly definite and clear-cut. They represent, it seems to me, a very grave crisis in the affairs of civilization, a fork in the road, where one path leads to Profit, and the other to brotherhood and the Kingdom of God on earth. Yet it is the first path, the path to Profit, the path of the little men, which now allures the greater number of Americans; and it allures them because the masters are blinded by greed, and the workers by ignorance.

I would that some Christ hand might touch the eyes of both classes, so that the scales might fall from their eyes and that they might see.

I would that some great emotion might touch their hearts, so that they might feel.

I would that some great light might enwrap the Nation, a light so great that it would burn itself into our consciousness, and show us with terrible fidelity to truth that the greatness of a nation is not measured by the concentration of all means and resources into a few too covetous hands, but rather in their widespread distribution, in the number of happy, beautiful homes, in the millions of healthy, happy persons, men and women and children of strength and beauty and accomplishment and power.

If this vision of a rich human world has once come to a man, if the victory of the world-process refuses to express itself in smaller terms than human integrity and charm, if the whole world-process looks meaningless unless it sweeps toward the realization of the Beyond-Man, then it becomes incredible that America should seek to express herself in paltry and contemptible profits, rather than in superb men and women and children. Yet that is just what America, at the present moment, is doing. Her real pride is in her profitable industries and her very rich men. And when you talk to her of brotherhood and the higher life, she points impatiently to her stupendous charities, her gigantic asylums, her vast eleemosynary enterprises of all sorts. She does not understand that among a free people, inhabiting the richest country in the world, charities and asylums and eleemosynary schemes generally are not a thing to be proud of, but rather that they are the sad measure of American failure, sad measure of the human wreakage in our maladministration of natural resources. She does not understand that alms have no place in a republic. They are one of the things for which the richest nation in the world ought, in shame, to hide her head.

Yet it is this first alternative, an Industry-for-Profit swallowing Education, which is the conscious or unwitting ideal of the large majority of those who now busy themselves with the praise of Industrial Education. In a word, that is what Industrial Education means, an education whose major end is the production of efficient labor-power. It is the last step in that total inversion of social ideals which began when Industry-for-Use gave way to Industry-for-Profit. Industrial Education completes the inversion. It takes the last possible step by providing that Industry shall now be the master of children and youth, as well as of men and women, and that the cultivation of the human spirit shall now be replaced by the cultivation of efficient labor-power.

Let us see just what it means to have Industry swallow up Education.

The methods and processes of true Education are not mysterious, talismanic, not even traditional. They are perfectly definite. They are determined by working backward from the recognized goal of Education, working backward from the desired results to their producing causes. The desired goal is human. It is men and women of integrity and quality. The educational method consequently sets

its face resolutely against everything that mars the body or stunts the mind, or kills the spirit. It could not do otherwise and remain Education. It is always the human side that counts, — the human spirit, the human soul, the human intellect, the human body. And the great outer world, the world of matter, the world of natural and manufactured things, the world of human institutions and laws and industries, must occupy always a secondary place, must bend to these human requirements, and must be the modest means to a superb human end.

The methods of Industrial Education are equally definite and are reached by a precisely similar inductive process. The goal is stated, just as the goal of true Education was stated. In this case, the goal is efficient labor-power, — men and women, young men and maidens, boys and girls, trained to the highest efficiency in making things, transporting things, buying things, selling things, — and all for the profit of an absent master. It is true that this army of industrialists will be paid, but in what pitiable coin! They will give their very lives, — for the man who spends eight, or ten, or twelve hours out of every twenty-four, in excessive toil, practically gives up his

life, — and in return they will get a crippled body, a stunted mind, a dead spirit, and along with this dreadful human impoverishment a daily wage not equal by any means to the wealth which they have so abundantly produced, but only a poor fraction of it. It will be just enough to keep body and soul together as long as they work; and perhaps encourage them to bring into the world a new generation of wage-slaves to take their place, when the grave or the poorhouse claims their own exhausted persons.

The goal of Industrial Education is not radiant, complete manhood and womanhood, but merely efficient labor-power. Its methods are framed accordingly.

The future worker need not be strong or beautiful or accomplished. He must have enough strength to get through his daily toil, but this strength need not be very great, nor need it last any great length of time. It is more economical to have the man die somewhere about fifty, for by that time he will have rendered his heaviest service, and his son or sons will be ready to take his place. It is not at all necessary for the workers to be strong and beautiful and accomplished. From the point of view of Industry such an ideal may

be all very well in the family of the master, the profit-taker (if it does not interfere with business), but for the working people it is a preposterous ideal, too silly indeed to be taken seriously. Who cares whether they are strong, so they manage to do a full day's work? Who cares whether they are beautiful? As a matter of fact, they are far from beautiful. They are pale and anemic, underdeveloped, scarred and crippled and worn out. And then, too, beauty in a working-girl only adds to the dangers in her life. It is manifestly quite absurd to talk about having working people beautiful. In certain quarters, it even provokes harsh laughter.

And, finally, who cares whether the working people are accomplished, just so they have the modicum of skill needed to wait upon their own particular machines? Industrial Education gives this, and gives it with a grand blast of trumpets, for specialized skill is needed in efficient labor-power. But with accomplishment in a large human sense, Industrial Education has no concern, no time for it, no interest in it. The day for hand-work, they say, has gone by. It is true that hand-made things are very beautiful, that they outlast the factory wares, that they give delight to several

generations of simple, beauty-loving folk. But hand-made things are saturated with one fatal defect,—the man who says he owns the building and tools and land can make no profit out of such work. It does not, therefore, fall within the province of Industrial Education. That province is efficient labor-power, and labor-power, to be efficient in the industrial sense, must be profit-producing.

Industrial Education has even less concern for those accomplishments which *merely* add to the joy of life, with music and song, drawing and painting, running and dancing, swimming and riding. Such things are a sheer waste of time, *for the working classes*, and have no place in the curriculum of Industrial Education. It is light-minded even to mention them. They are no part of the goal,—efficient labor-power,—and so they cannot be a part of the method.

In the cultivation of taste and those gentler accomplishments which have no other end than the happiness and refinement of a people, Industrial Education has no interest and no concern. Indeed it might almost be said to be antagonistic, since the cultivation of such tastes and accomplishments requires leisure. And leisure is a thing that Industry-for-Profit does not at all believe in.

And then, as we all know, accomplishments are apt to give working people ideas above their station, to make them discontented, and all that sort of thing. Why, just suppose for a moment that the working people should suddenly develop a taste for commodious houses and æsthetic dress, for the symphony and grand opera, for European travel and horseback exercise, or even for walking and golf, — what would become of our fat dividends, I should like to know! I have had a fine lady tell me, with an amusement little creditable, that her washerwoman was saving up money to buy a piano for her daughter, — just fancy! It is true that Madame, herself, has a couple of pianos, and the last one cost over two thousand dollars. The poor washerwoman was trying to save up a hundred or two, to buy a second-hand piano, — a *used* instrument, as the agent gently phrases it, — and for this humble aspiration is to be laughed at as presumptuous.

In the cultivation of the mind, Industrial Education is definite and consistent. It would cut out all studies which do not make directly for industrial efficiency. It would consequently effect a great economy in language-study. English is tolerated, since it is unavoidable, and has a certain

technical value. But the goal is very much in sight. It is the ability to write a plain unadorned business letter, — "We are in receipt of your valued favor of the 13th instant, and in reply beg to state," etc., — or some such elegant composition. With such baubles as literary style, and literary appreciation, and the priceless treasures of the human spirit wrapped up in the great literatures of the world, Industrial Education has no disposition to busy itself. Of what use are they?

Greek and Latin go by the board, — waste time! Even French and German are fought shy of, since in such business relations as we have with Europeans it is safe to trust to their greater intellectual activity, safe to trust that from the waiters up, they will know English, and not put us to the trouble and needless expense of learning their speech. With Spanish, the case is a bit different. The prospect of growing trade with Latin-American countries gives Spanish a certain commercial value. It is a business asset, as our practical friends would say, and therefore worth cultivating, provided of course that you do not take too much time to it. With Europe competing for his trade, and quite willing and able to carry it on in the vernacular, the

Spanish-American is in no great haste to learn English, and may even put us to the inconvenience of learning Spanish. It is rather nasty of him, and shows just how lazy and good-for-nothing he is. But trade puts up with worse things, if the Profit be big enough.

History is retained, but it must be revised and made industrial.

The same is true of geography. The children must be taught commercial geography, with enough political geography to insure postal knowledge, and physical geography dragged in by the heels whenever it can throw light upon natural and marketable resources. Beyond this, geographical knowledge is quite useless, and no further time must be devoted to it.

The mathematical study is also pruned down to industrial dimensions, and when so shorn reduces itself to an arithmetic of pronounced commercial quality. With number and quantity as elements to be reckoned with in our conception of the universe, the children have nothing to do. The object is not to enlarge their minds and broaden their horizons. The object is to make them quick at all business transactions. The children busy themselves with imaginary buying and selling. They

calculate profits and loss. They make estimates on work, and express the results in terms of wages. They are being taught to be practical. The whole childish day is fairly saturated with commercial problems and ideas, until the final ambition of life is to be buried in an expensive plush-covered coffin and followed to the grave by a quite extravagant number of cabs.

Given the goal of Industrial Education, efficient labor-power, and the whole curriculum is seemingly logical and consistent. Industry is concerned with Profit, not with persons, and so the educational process by which it attains its goal has no visible concern with human integrity and quality, no interest whatever, except perhaps a contemptuous amusement, in the Beyond-Man. It wants only one thing, children and young people who can produce and handle a stupendous amount of salable goods, — not necessarily excellent or beautiful or durable, especially not the latter, but possessed of such a semblance of merit that they will command the price of real merit. Industrial Education would produce bodies just strong enough, hands just skillful enough, and minds just large enough, to accomplish this small and pitiable task.

Body and mind, under this new régime, are to be poor and cramped; but the greater tragedy is in the spirit. All thought is to be concentrated upon industrial efficiency. Studies are to be valued solely as they promote the efficiency of labor-power. Those studies which have for their merit the liberation of the human spirit, the enlargement of a sound personality, the first step toward the Beyond-Man, are rigidly excluded from their daily life and thought. Culture is to be disparaged and laughed at. It is to be a narrow horizon, with bread-and-butter quite the dominant factor. It is to be a world of cramped souls, given over to the production of things, to the production of more and more things. Into the golden world of philosophy and religion, art and science, the spirit may not go, for in this radiant world, it is the human soul which counts, not Profit. In the economy of this radiant, golden world, bread-and-butter indubitably enter, but they enter as means, — something which in a well-administered state, may be taken for granted, quite as much as your morning bath and tooth-brush. In a rational community bread-and-butter do not figure as the great end which the human spirit should serve and reverence. Industrial Education makes the same fatal mistake

which our Industry-for-Profit makes. It mistakes the means for the end, and when you are dealing with anything so august as a human life, it is a very grave and fatal mistake.

One excursion of the spirit there is, which our industrially-trained youth will be encouraged on every occasion to engage in. It is an excursion accomplished with many fireworks and much red light, with much noise of brass bands, with much waving of hats, and much flying of flags.

This excursion of the industrial spirit is called Patriotism.

Handled in a large way, patriotism might mean the redemption of our little men, our Below-Man. But our industrialists do not so handle it. By patriotism, they do not mean that gracious love of country which would, each year, make our country more worthy to be loved; which would make it the increasingly commodious and beautiful home of a people at once loving and lovable. On the contrary, their patriotism is self-assertive and aggressive. It is the patriotism of a small self-interest. It would send our beautiful flag into strange lands and among strange peoples, not for their uplifting and liberation, but for the more solid industrial

reason that "Trade follows the Flag." In an industrial world, our young people are saturated with a patriotism such as this, so that when occasion arises, they may be willing to march out, in response to an appeal which only small souls could hear, and fight, not for sentiment, not for honor, not for high principles imperiled, but in order to snatch from weaker hands a foreign market, into which our monstrous Industry-for-Profit can dump its surplus product. To be sure, there are hungry mouths at home, and naked bodies, and shelterless heads, only too ready to be ministered to, for their need is very great, — some of the mothers and children are dying — but that does not matter; our current Industry is not for Use, it is for Profit.

And so our young men, the very life-blood of the nation, must be drilled in a false patriotism, which will steal away their common sense and reason, and make them ready to march out and kill, or be killed, in a war against their fellow workers of a different land, against whom they have no possible quarrel whatever. It is a fight for the possession of a foreign market which neither one of the contending nations should want or need.

It is in this manner that an Industrial Education

provides for the spirit of man, and it does so because its own view of life is altogether awry. It has fallen into the incomprehensible blunder of thinking that Man was made for Industry, and not that Industry was made for Man.

XV

LOYALTY TO THE IDEAL

I KNOW, of course, what the friends of Industrial Education will say to this analysis of their proposed programme. They will say, quite bluntly, that it is not a true analysis. But it is indubitably true, whatever they may say, that when you go out equipped with bird-shot, you are not expecting big game! A scheme which places such tremendous emphasis upon industrial efficiency, will inevitably bend all its energy to that end, and will, in spite of itself, get the cart before the horse, — it will regard Industry and forget persons.

Our quarrel with these industrialists is not that they include industrial efficiency in their programme. Every large-minded scheme of Education does that. Our quarrel is that they give it a quite premature place in the life of the child, and that they place upon it a quite undue emphasis. It always comes back to the same thing, to whether you are eager to further an Industry-for-Use, or an Industry-for-Profit. The Industrial Education

which is now making such a noise the length and breadth of the land, has clearly shown that its affiliations are not with a rehabilitated and purified Industry, but with the current Industry-for-Profit. It is a practical movement; it takes the world as it finds it, and triumphantly demands whether you plan to educate children for the world as it ought to be, or as it is. But this, instead of being the convincing answer which it is supposed to be, is really the head and front of the offense. You might forgive a commercial traveler for taking the world as he finds it, and making the mess of it that he generally does. But Education is not a venture of the same class. It is an ideal enterprise, bound by all that is good and holy, to resist evil and to fight in season and out of season for that better world here on earth which is the goal of social evolution. The educator who accepts a false social or economic order, and accommodates himself to that, has no further service to render, for by that very act, he has gone clean over to the enemy, and has become a deserter and a traitor.

It is not our business — we teachers, writers, priests, parents, lovers of America, — to accept the world as it is. Thank God that it is not! It is our very plain business to make it a cleaner and

more decent place to live in; to stand up, night and day, for the divine principle of Brotherhood, and to fight single-handed, if need be, and with our last breath, against the combined forces of greed and ignorance, against those malignant processes which make the industrial world what it is to-day.

The programme of Industrial Education, however loud-spoken its advocates, is neither loyal nor practical. It begins by going over to the enemy, and so makes all subsequent victories impossible. It accepts the world as it finds it! Such is its boast; but it is also its condemnation. We can only believe that such a union of Education and Industry has been attempted through a complete ignorance of the characteristic of Education, or of the characteristic of Industry, or of both. Education can only unite with an unregenerate Industry, with an Industry such as we find it, by first ceasing to be Education.

XVI

INSUFFICIENT FOUNDATIONS

It is worth while remarking that an essential unsoundness in any part of a scheme, whether the scheme be material or spiritual, is pretty sure in the end, to wreck the scheme itself.

The object of the Industrial Education we have just been discussing, — efficient labor-power, — is admittedly proper and praiseworthy if pursued as a minor and subordinate end of Education, and if introduced at the right time, that is to say, when our young people have realized that major end of all Education worthy the name, — human integrity and power. I cannot too often repeat that no scheme of Education can be socially complete or acceptable unless at the proper time it *is* vocational and unless in the end it *does* produce efficient labor-power. No matter how great our progress in the practical arts and sciences, the old human need for food and clothing and shelter, for tools and apparatus and conveniences, still remains, and each year must be met anew. Not only must the old inhabitants of earth be duly cared for, but

each year there are new mouths to feed, new little bodies to be clothed, new little heads to be sheltered, new hands to be satisfied. Fresh workers have been added to the ranks of labor, but Death also has gathered its accustomed toll. And meanwhile Time has laid his all-devouring touch upon the things of men's creating. Earthquake and avalanche and cyclone, fire and water and decay, have destroyed the work of thousands of men.

It is a dynamic world, full of change and movement. Old things are to be renewed; new things are to be created. There is always world-wide need, always the call for labor-power. No philosophy, however idealistic, may disregard this primal necessity. An Industry-for-Use admits this, and devotes its entire great power to meeting it. A sound Education admits it, and at the proper time makes adequate provision for preparing all its young people to do their share of work, and to do it generously and well. But Industrial Education becomes essentially unsound when it allies itself with Industry-for-Profit, rather than Industry-for-Use, when it mistakes the means for the end and erects efficient labor-power into the one goal of life. This essential unsoundness reacts upon Industrial Education itself by lessening its power to achieve such

a goal. For the efficiency of labor-power is distinctly less when labor-power is made the premature end and goal of Education. The best workmen are not workmen first and last and always, — they are men first of all, and secondarily, workmen.

The meagre life, and the narrow circle of ideas to which Industrial Education condemns its victims cannot flower into any great performance. Our current Industry suffers more from a lack of intelligence in the workers than it can possibly gain by skimping their Education and putting them so shamefully early to work. Shoddy material in the workers is quite as disastrous as shoddy material in any of the other supplies. A modern writer states it admirably when he says, "The primary condition of successful competition in any field of life is ignored and violated when technical work is superimposed upon crude foundations and undeveloped intelligence."

William Morris, himself one of the greatest of workmen, declared emphatically that nothing excellent or beautiful could be produced by an overworked, disheartened laboring people.

And Wagner, philosopher as well as musician, somewhere says: "Without an inner necessity, no great or good thing can ever come to pass."

Men and women must first be men and women, in all the fullness that those great words imply, before they can contribute efficient labor-power. Industrial Education defeats its own end when it stunts the bodies of children, limits their intelligence, and dulls their spirit. It is trying to make bricks without straw, and the results are the results we see.

If one were quite indifferent to human integrity and quality, and cared only for efficient labor-power, the best and most practical way to gain such an end would be, by all odds, to devote the early years of life to the up-building of a strong body, a developed intelligence, a vital spirit, — the first twenty years, let us say, — and then upon this mature and well-prepared foundation to rear such special structures as might be desired.

In England, one may study the unwisdom of the opposite course. England is the dean of our industrial nations. Her working people have toiled the longest and the hardest of all the workers in Christendom, and the results are not encouraging. As a nation, she is hopelessly in debt. Consols are no longer a good investment. She is driven to extreme measures to raise funds for current expenses. Even industrially she stands face to face with de-

feat. America is pressing her very hard. Germany is pressing her still harder. For five or six generations England has made Profit her god, and she is to-day face to face with the fate of all nations who seek after false gods. She is being discredited and supplanted until it is already doubtful whether she can long be ranked as a first-class power. Her life depends upon her foreign markets and these are being menaced on all sides. The Far East is in open revolt; India is no longer docile; China and Japan are coming into a national industrial life of their own. The world-market has grown small. Across the North Sea a lusty young rival has given unmistakable notice of her determination to carry off the lion's share. It is a critical time in England's affairs.

There is, of course, a plain way out of the difficulty, if England would only adopt it. It is to turn from an Industry-for-Profit, with all its attendant chain of disasters, to an Industry-for-Use, with its immediate fruitage of national health and peace.

But as Englishmen themselves have long ago pointed out, England has a curious inaptitude for new ideas; she shows the inaccessibility of those who have for many generations been dominant and overbearing. Instead of frankly recognizing

the essential change in the world-conditions, and devoting herself to her important home problems, England's mediæval answer to the industrial challenge of Germany and the Far East is to burden herself still further with a tremendously costly navy, which must in ten years inevitably go to the junk-heap. In the event of actual war, it might not last so long as that, for it would be at the mercy of the first air-ship which might take to dropping bombs.

The war scare in England does not mean that Germany or any other nation has any plan afoot for descending upon English soil. If the frightened patriotism now rife in England were called out by the prospect of such an invasion it would be at least a respectable patriotism. England has been playing the Profit game somewhat high-handedly, and now she is about to be checkmated. Her fright is not for the lives of her citizens and the integrity of the Fatherland. Her fright is less dignified than that. It is her pocket-book which is menaced, a pocket-book which in the past has been replenished at the expense of every quarter of the globe.

England means to fight for her profits. But she will be defeated, just as she was defeated when she

fought the American colonies for the same right, — the right to exploit them commercially for her own profit. And she will be defeated for very excellent reasons.

England has not gone in for the education of her masses. She has been so busy working them long hours in her factories for Profit, that she has forgotten that nobler task of producing educated men. In scientific attainment, she is vastly behind Germany. In the mere mechanism of war, she would have no chance whatever. Germany excels her in every particular, save perhaps in her ships; but Germany, in her command of the air, can well afford to laugh at a dozen Dreadnaughts. More important still, the men who would fight in the German army would not be the Tommy Atkinses of the British force, but men educated in the best public school system in the world, and equipped with both information and intelligence.

In the threatened fate of a highly developed industrial nation, like England, we may read our own fate, if we work for efficient labor-power only, and neglect the source of all efficiency and power, — human integrity and quality.

In the morning paper, I read the following beautifully-worded editorial: —

EDUCATION FOR A CAREER

The vote of the Boston School Board, making provision for a "continuation school," in which boys will combine not only study of books and the customary topics of the "culture" curriculum, but practical training for subsequent employment in the various forms of business in which leather is converted into footgear, is one of the most important acts ever taken by that responsible body of officials. As a precedent it points the way to other groups of manufacturers and business men, eager to secure helpers trained to produce ampler results from given forms of labor, results that will increase both the income of employed and employer.

It expresses, quite beautifully, because so unconsciously, the spirit and the defect of this sort of Industrial Education. Eagerness to secure trained helpers in order to increase their own profits, — this is the spirit of such an education. There breathes no thought of the human needs of the helpers. The aim and purpose are put in terms of products, not human qualities. The defect is essential and unescapable. It is the old defect in our Industry-for-Profit — the defect of looking at the problem from the wrong end, the Industry end — instead of from the right end, the human end.

"The demands of Industry," "The crying need

for skilled workers," — these are the jarring pleas of the industrialists. It is the old fatal inversion, the putting of the cart before the horse, the mistaking of means for ends. Since when has Industry the *right* to make demands? Since when are our Boards of Education justified in supplying the crying needs of our profit-seeking manufacturers?

The reverse is the truth. It is our strong, clean, well-educated youth who need an Industry to supply their own needs. When it has done this, its proper function is quite discharged. The rest of the day, — the major part of it, indeed, — the righteous economic leisure, belongs by every right under Heaven to these same clean, strong, well-educated youth, to use for holier, human purposes than piling up profits for those who now exploit their labor.

The raw material of all the wealth in the world, the wealth of to-morrow, as well as the wealth of to-day, is always with us. It is the earth-substance provided by Nature. To convert this into wealth, a very precious ingredient must be added, and that is labor-power. It transports and transforms and transfigures the raw earth-substance into food and clothing and shelter, into tools and apparatus, into

the magnificent equipment of to-day. It is the labor-power which creates all value, makes it available, heightens it. It is the one essential ingredient in all achievement. The more labor-power we mix with our raw material, *and the better the quality of the labor-power*, the more valuable the product. A nation which skimps its labor-power, or by insufficient preparation, excessive toil, and unhygienic life-conditions, lowers its quality, is doomed to industrial defeat. It has happened to England; her workers are neither well-educated nor strong, and so, in the great world of industrial competition, their hour has struck. England forgot that in the great economy of things, we must have men first, — sound, wholesome, vigorous men, — and workers afterwards. And it will be the same with America. She cannot build industrial supremacy upon crude foundations and undeveloped intelligence.

Just now, a high tariff wall protects America from helpful competition with the best skill of Europe, and keeps her blind to the poverty of her own working class. But no such film obscures competition in the world-markets. America must soon submit to this freer competition and freer scrutiny. Will she be prepared? Assuredly not,

if into her educational scheme she admit that essential and fatal unsoundness, a disregard for the human integrity and quality of her workers.

It is a platitude, but luminous, that you cannot get more out of a man than there is in him.

XVII

THE OUTLOOK

Let us imagine for a moment that this sort of Industrial Education has been fully carried out; that Education has gone over to the enemy, to our current Industry-for-Profit; that our manufacturers and business men have so transformed the public schools of America that the yearly product is a crop of youthful industrialists who write a plain, business letter in a plain business hand; who know their commercial geography and commercial arithmetic and commercial history; who have been instructed in some special form of craftsmanship; who are, perhaps, prepared for "subsequent employment in the varied forms of business in which leather is converted into footgear,"—as the morning paper so charmingly phrases it,—and who, as a finishing touch, have been imbued with the high morality of working ten or twelve hours a day for someone else's profit,—let us imagine, I say, that Industrial Education has done its full and perfect work, and then let us inquire what sort of a world we would have as a result; what

chance, for example, would philosophy and religion, art and science, have in such a world? Would a nation so educated, so trained, so saturated with commercial ideas, so devoid of other ideas, be a lovable nation? Would it be marked by distinction? Would it be esteemed by contemporary peoples? Would it be remembered agreeably in history? What picture would the word *America* then bring up to a discriminating mind? Do you think that foreigners, seeking a new home, would come to us, attracted by the charm of our social and civic life? Do you think that our people would move on toward the Beyond-Man? Would the assurance that we were tremendously practical, would the staggering statistics of our unbridled productivity, or the many-figured tables of our profits, or the summary of our charity and eleemosynary activity, make such a national life other than dry, stale, and unprofitable to the very last degree?

It is fitting to ask such penetrating questions, for it remains eternally true that by their fruits ye shall know them.

To a man who cares for the more abiding and essential values in daily human life, the mere statement of these questions brings an overwhelm-

ing answer. The vista opened by a completed industrialism is so altogether dismal and arid that one scarcely has the heart to face it. But since we must not assume our case, let us examine in some detail just what such a victorious industrialism means.

It means, in the first place, that the educationalists, in spite of their reiterated insistence upon the rights of persons, have surrendered unconditionally, and that society has accepted an Industry-for-Profit as the final word in industrial organization. It means that Industry is to be the acknowledged Master, that the masses are to worship Work, and that the more fortunate classes are to worship Profit.

For the masses there opens a dusty, toiling path from early childhood to premature old age, with no defensible goal in sight and no substantial compensations to make the tragedy worth while.

For the more fortunate classes, there opens a life of ease and self-indulgence, bought, as at present, at the frightful cost of the masses, and enjoyable, as at present, only through a certain callousness by which the more fortunate classes close their eyes, and hold their noses, and stop their ears, to a multitude of things which no decent man

can be indifferent to. To the under man, it means degradation; to the upper man, degeneracy. It is not that the under man desires or realizes such a result; it is not that the upper man courts such a danger. But quite inevitably we are both the victims and the beneficiaries of our environment.

Given ten to twelve hours of exhausting daily toil; given chronic poverty; given unhygienic life conditions, a squalid home, and no adequate opportunity for rest and recuperation, and the unavoidable result is degradation.

Given, on the other hand, an unearned ease, an excess of food and clothing and sheltering arms; given every opportunity and invitation in the way of self-indulgence, and the unavoidable result is degeneracy.

Only a few, by the grace of God, escape both the upper and the nether millstone. They are those truly fortunate persons, who, by some happy chance, have neither poverty nor riches, neither the too-little nor the too-much that works such human harm. Health is possible only as the fruit of moderation. The Industry-for-Profit which our Industrial Education allies itself with, works for deficiency on the one side, and excess on the other. The Industry which Education ought to

support, works for temperance and moderation all around.

In the world which Industrial Education would strengthen and perpetuate, we have disaster to both classes, master and man. By placing the moral emphasis in the wrong place, upon toil and profits, instead of upon the excellence and beauty and durability of the products, and upon their sane consumption and enjoyment, the young workman is started out in a world of inverted moral values. In the narrow circle of ideas forced upon him by his meagre life and education, he is taught that the one supreme virtue in a workman is to work, quite regardless of whether the product is needful and important, or unnecessary and harmful. He is taught to look upon work as something quite worshipful in and for itself, regardless of its effect upon his own health and character. He is taught to value the chance to work, his "job," as he would himself phrase it, above everything else in the world, — above health and manly beauty and personal attractiveness; above life itself, if the wages be high enough; above joy and recreation and culture; above open-air adventure; above the duties of religion and citizenship; above domestic and neighborly comradeship; above manliness

and character. This is the world into which Industrial Education ushers our poor youth, a grotesque world where the spiritual values are all inverted, where the important things of life are treated as unimportant, and the unimportant things are made paramount.

If you doubt this account of it, you have only to go among our young industrialists and study their attitude toward their "job," and toward those whom they suppose to control their job. It will not be a pleasant excursion, but it will be illuminating.

We have taught this grotesque and wholly false morality in the church, in the newspaper, in the home, in the political oration, in the paternal discourse, in our own personal talk, and now we propose to clinch it all in our Industrial Education. On all sides, the poor workingman has been the victim of false shepherds, blind leaders of the blind, who generation after generation have landed him in the spiritual ditch where he now finds himself. And to cap it all, his son is now to be taken in hand and inoculated early with the same misleading ideas.

It is no wonder that the more thoughtful among our workmen are in open spiritual revolt, are com-

ing into some degree of self-consciousness, and are realizing all too tardily that there is an essential antagonism between their own deepest interests and the interests of the exploiting class,—an abyss not to be bridged by any pseudo-morality or by smooth, lying words. The majority of workmen are to-day without any true morality. They have been deceived and misled to suit the selfish interest and convenience of the profit-taking class. Their position is exactly similar to that of the soldiers in some modern commercial war, who have been blinded to the real nature of the enterprise, while they were being goaded on to the sacrifice of life and limb by strains of martial music, and by the exhortations of patriots who keep themselves at a safe distance from the fight!

It is a more than questionable morality which does not apply to all of us. But the crowd of clergymen, editors, teachers, orators, philanthropists, and platitudinarians who join in this over-praise of work as a thing good and desirable, in and for itself, in reality praise it for other people, for the working-man, and not for themselves. Not one of these false moralists would submit for a day, let alone for a lifetime, to the daily régime which they so complacently recommend to the poorer

brother. It is a monstrous thing that the Golden Rule of Confucius and of Christ should be shouted from the house-tops, and so utterly denied in the street. The working-men who accept our current morality show by the very act that they are morally sick through and through, and that there is no health in them. They live, as I have said, in a spiritual chaos, in a world of inverted moral values.

It is then of the utmost importance that working-men should come into a vivid self-consciousness, and that instead of being confirmed in their sins by an Industrial Education which rears itself upon the present spiritual chaos, they should with all diligence set about developing a sound and true morality which shall mean the salvation of both working-men and profit-takers.

We have in our midst such a group of men, not numerous yet, not powerful yet, not yet always wise, but conscious of their supreme historic mission, and bent upon realizing the Kingdom of Heaven here upon earth. The pity is that their company grows so slowly, that the class of privilege so bitterly opposes this attempt to bring order out of chaos, and that working-men themselves, in trade-union and benevolent society, give them-

selves up to the petty work of increased wages and funeral dues and fighting other workers, instead of devoting their great strength to the bringing in of that new and vital morality, a social order in which Education, with its supreme concern for persons, shall swallow all Industry, where Life shall be the end, and Work shall be the means.

The supreme disaster of Industrialism is spiritual. It means the practical extinction of philosophy and religion. It is a world in which morality suffers the greatest of all possible defeats, the crushing defeat of having Right and Wrong change places, of having means masquerade as ends, and ends figure shabbily as means. Of course, Industrial Education would deny most strenuously that it leads to any such spiritual chaos, or subscribes for one little moment to any such inverted morality. Naturally it does not put forward such a creed in so many words. But when it accepts our current Industry, our Industry-for-Profit, in the uncritical way it does, and when it makes its own goal efficient labor-power, instead of complete personality, it declares for just such a spiritual disaster in the most practical way in the world, for we all agree that actions speak louder than words.

When Education goes over to Industry it ac-

cepts, quite as inevitably, the intellectual disaster which accompanies our current Industry. The things that make life worth while, the achievements that make a nation beloved and remembered, are the products, let us ever repeat, of economic leisure. It is not enough that a few favored persons have this leisure. Great national achievement is not the product of a few isolated spirits, of any exclusive, non-representative class. It requires the fertile soil of a vital, appreciative national life. There must be something to express, some great national impulse, before the artist can express it. We know how to write, how to paint, how to carve, how to compose music, we persons of the privileged classes, but as yet we have no great message to send forth, and so we do little of moment. The nation as a whole is not intellectual. How could it be? When the masses work for eight or ten or twelve hours a day, there is no time or energy left for the things of the mind. A pipe, the newspaper, perhaps a glass of beer, and the waking day is done. It is true that the working-man has his family life, and his model tenement or nice little two-story box of a cottage, and industrialists are wont to enlarge upon this as ample compensation for the lack of the larger spiritual and intellectual interests. But they

forget, these apologists, that family life, robbed of these finer elements, is not itself fine. A squalid, ugly house; an over-worked wife; noisy, neglected children, hardly compensate for a life devoid of the Eternal Values. Yet when Education goes over to Industry, it consents to just this unideal condition of things, and to all that bodily harm and mutilation which the current Industry inflicts.

If Education were not an ideal enterprise, pledged to the work of individual and social redemption, one might more readily forgive its treason in taking the world as it is. But even here, its major excuse, that the children *must* earn their living just as soon as possible, and that the practical thing is for Education to step in and, as quickly as possible, prepare them for their fate, is only true, *if* you accept current Industry; otherwise, it is not true.

It would be bad enough if our current Industry represented a social and economic necessity, if Nature were so niggardly and machinery so little effective that only such exhausting labor could keep poverty from the door. On a sinking ship all must turn to and help work the pumps. But ours is not a sinking ship. On the contrary, we are a very rich nation, with unparalleled natural resources

and wonder-working machinery. In the face of such abounding wealth, it is unforgivable that so many of our people should have to work so hard and so long; or worse still, should be denied the right to work, and should have both Want and Dread for their bed-fellows. It is not for Education to accept such a monstrous state of things, and accommodate herself to it, and perfect and perpetuate it. In such a crisis her proper and only work is to find out what is wrong with such a terrible Industry, and then to fight it and overturn it.

This sort of Industrial Education is, of course, intended only for the children of the working-class. It is not intended for the children of the privileged classes. They have a quite different educational destiny, and the product, at first sight, is more attractive physically. It is sleek and well-groomed in person; it is substantially dressed; it fares well every day; it lives in a house commodious, if not beautiful. If it is the first generation of this sort of culture, it has character, streaks of homely wit, and a wholesomeness which does much to redeem the obvious veneer. In the second generation, it has acquired manner and has lost something. In the third generation, the change has

gone still further, and too often decay has already set in.

Industrial Education would seem to have nothing to do with these results, since it does not directly touch the children of the rich. But indirectly it bears upon their destiny in two vital points. In the first place, every increase in industrial efficiency adds so much to the profits of Industry, and gives the rich a greater surplus to spend or misspend. This is the real reason why manufacturers and business men are so keen to have the State provide them with trained helpers, not only in those industries which have to do with turning leather into footgear, — to hark back once more to the beautiful language of the morning paper, — but in all other industries as well. It is quite the most economical plan, and the wonder is that it was not introduced long ago. In the second place, — and this is the more important result, — every differentiation of Education into industrial and non-industrial, tends to bring the children of the well-to-do more and more into the latter class. It is partly a matter of caste preference, and quite defensible. The non-industrial children are, as a class, sweeter and more wholesome; and since children are so imitative (and children's diseases so contagious), one naturally wants one's

own children to associate with the best. And even more than a matter of caste preference, the non-industrial education is practically a matter of necesity for our fortunate children, since it alone prepares for college. A parent may be tremendously democratic and yet hesitate to cut his boy off from the one practical road to college. And so, the more completely Industrial Education differentiates itself from true Education the more completely do the children of the rich lose the wholesome discipline of genuine hand-work, and the helpful general knowledge underlying all the industries.

I have seen precisely this thing happen in manual training. Twenty-five years ago, when the movement was new and in the formative period, we younger men threw ourselves into it heart and soul, and tried our level best to make it an educational movement. We recommended it quite as much, or even more, to boys who expected to go in for the professions as we did to embryo artisans, for we felt that quantitative hand-work wrought wonders in the way of both mental development and character-building. In point of extension, manual training has succeeded beyond our wildest dreams; but as an educational movement, it has been pretty

much of a failure. I must confess with regret that the industrialists won the day. Instead of being introduced into our elementary schools along side of music, drawing, gymnastics, and other branches of organic training, to help on the coming of the more complete man, as we early enthusiasts had hoped, manual training has more and more been seized upon by the technical world as an end in itself. In a word, it has failed of its larger mission.

The polite world suffers profoundly in this loss of touch with the world of actual work. Sport does not make up for it. And as time goes on, and riches pile up, the polite, idle world will suffer still more. Three generations back, and we were all comparatively poor. We had daily touch with the kindliness and grace of actual work and personal service. Our fathers were beginning to lose this helpful touch. We of to-day, in the fortunate classes, have almost totally lost it. We have been born into a world full of wage-slaves, and we have accepted this situation quite as uncritically as the South, a half century or more ago, accepted chattel slavery. We are blind, not because we wish to be blind, but because our environment has made us so. We are the victims of a false view of life. We see around us excessive, degrading, exhausting toil on

the part of men, women, and children. We see an army of unemployed tramps and vagrants on life's highway. We see drunkenness and prostitution, and know them to be the immediate and direct result of poverty. We see political corruption in the State and at Washington. We see shoddy and unclean substitutes in fabrics and foods. We see a newspaper press so essentially inaccurate that from simple self-protection we cultivate an incredulous mind. We see an international politics devoid of honor and truth. We see human life and the happiness of many homes deliberately sacrificed in a brutal war which has no higher sanction than the exploiting of a world-market. We see all this, and we educated, polite, fortunate people, accept it quite as a matter of course.

The false morality which we have administered to the workers in making them worship Industry instead of Life, and which our Industrial Education would accept and strengthen and perpetuate, has amply revenged itself upon us, by vitiating our own circle of ideas. We accept self-indulgence and selfishness as a valuable part of our prerogative. We entertain a callousness toward the sufferings of others which ends by drying up the very fountains of our own emotional life.

I live, myself, in a college town where one has daily opportunity of studying the best that America has yet produced in the way of youth. They have been excused from all the wholesome, homely duties of life, in order that they may do one thing, in order that they may acquire the rudiments of the higher education. The result is not wholly encouraging. One must confess that while these young people have good looks and a certain charm, they are in the main selfish and self-indulgent, bent upon pleasure and not fond of hard work. The one duty asked of them, — their own cultivation, — is so ill performed that we have little ripe scholarship, a flippant attitude toward learning, and a probation list which includes too large a proportion of the whole undergraduate body. But I do not blame these well-conditioned young Epicureans. The fault is in their upbringing. Too much has been done for them. And then it is also true that their parents are self-indulgent and unrighteous. They are willing to wring profit from tired men, and feeble women, and little children. They are willing, and at the most unseasonable hours, to be waited upon by old men and old women. I do not see any reason for expecting their sons to display a greater virtue. These col-

lege boys are the natural product of heredity and environment. They are the children of parasites.

It is this excess of work for the masses, this deficiency of work for the profit-takers, with all their attendant chain of evils, which Industrial Education would uncritically accept and strengthen and perpetuate.

XVIII

OUR SOCIAL CLASSES

It is a terrible thing when the spirit dies. That is what happens when men live in wrong relations with one another and neglect the needful and important things of life.

Society is made up of individuals; and if these are, on the one side, down-trodden and oppressed, and, on the other side, arrogant and self-indulgent, society itself cannot be sane and vigorous. Society can have many qualities not found in one particular individual, but it can have no qualities not found in some of its constituents. In any summary of society, the observable characteristic must be the characteristic dominant in its parts. We have seen the mischievous results of Industrialism upon all classes, when Industrialism is founded upon Profit. And we have surmised, with abundant reason, that these mischievous results will be magnified and perpetuated if such an Industrialism saturate Education, and poison society in its very youth. But let us now examine the effect upon society as a whole.

The first effect of this sort of Industrialism, and perhaps the most obvious, is that it divides society into distinct classes. We used to say, even in my own boyhood, that America was free from class-distinctions, and in this respect, we plumed ourselves upon our superiority over Europe. But it was not true then, and it is even less true now. The class cleavage in America grows every year more pronounced, and every year, the class-distinctions are more firmly drawn.

The first and primal division is between the working-men, the lower classes, and the profit-takers and their satellites, the upper classes.

Then there are divisions and subdivisions, within these classes themselves. The fine distinctions in a class somewhat remote from our own always seem droll to us. We hear, with a smile, of a world in which a policeman is something of a person,—we expect him to touch his hat to us. In the servant world there is a hierarchy of tremendous elaboration. That we persons of privilege are quite unconscious of these nice gradations in the lower-class world does not make them any less real or any less heart-breaking. I doubt whether in fashionable society itself the lines are more firmly drawn than in the little world of the shop. In the

commercial world, these matters have long been an occasion for heart-burn. Just why the wife of a wholesale grocer looks down upon the wife of a retail grocer is perhaps known to the ladies themselves, but is incomprehensible to those a bit disposed to regard both as impossible.

We can hardly be said to have achieved Democracy in America — unless it may be in that one State of the Union which I have not yet visited.

Yet it is the intermittent fashion to chant the praise of Democracy, and the word is often on our lips and often seen in print. There are thousands who noisily proclaim themselves democrats; but I seriously doubt whether, even here in America, we have more than about one in a million. In my own lengthening lifetime, I have seen but one democrat, and that was Walt Whitman.

The truth is that Democracy is a very difficult creed. It is tremendously exacting, and there are few or none quite prepared to live up to it. It is easy enough to swear eternal fidelity to Democracy in the abstract; it is difficult in the concrete world to render it daily fealty.

For one thing, there are very few persons who know what Democracy means. Walt Whitman knew, and he stated the whole case in those plain,

strong, difficult words already quoted. They offer a distinct test: if you claim and use privilege, — accept anything that all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms, — then you are not a democrat; if you sternly decline all privilege, both in word and in deed, then you are a democrat. It is an exacting test, and excludes most reformers as well as the children of the established order. But I do not see how even a lawyer could get around it.

All societies reflect their economic foundations. Our own American society is built up upon an Industry-for-Profit, that is to say, upon Privilege, — upon rent, interest and dividends, — and cannot possibly be democratic. The gentle platitudinarians, both inside the church and outside of it, who wish all men to be brothers, while one group is diligently exploiting the labor of the other group, not only wish a quite impossible thing, but are also unintelligently advocating a programme which is now, always has been, and always will be, morally disastrous to the people who practice it. It means disintegration, — in Church and State and Family. When a class which fattens upon privilege allows itself to believe that it has a genuinely brotherly feeling for the class which it systematically oppresses and exploits, it is destroying its own moral

and intellectual integrity; and when that other class, the exploited class, professes brotherhood toward the men who rob them, and those dear to them, it is guilty of an equal hypocrisy.

Insincerity may well be the one unpardonable sin which so distressed the coward conscience of our prudential New England ancestors. It is unpardonable just because it creates that confusion of moral and intellectual values which is quite the most crushing punishment the soul can meet.

The upper classes are all committed to the doctrine of privilege. Put quite nakedly, this is the way the case stands: If we own lands or tools, — economic factors which have value only because labor-power gives them value, — and if we charge for the use of these necessities in the way of rent or interest or dividends, we are receiving from society something to which we have no defensible right, — we neither created the lands nor fashioned the tools nor supplied the market. We are receiving something for which we render no equivalent; we are, in a word, the pensioners of privilege.

But a man need not be a direct property-owner in order to be a non-democrat, a child of privilege. He may be a servant of the property-owners, either

domestic or professional, — a tutor, school-master, butler, clergyman, valet, artist, author, shop-keeper, barber, lawyer, hotel-keeper, physician, jeweller, manufacturer of articles of luxury, senator, politician, or what-not. It is not the amount which we extract from society that determines our class and economic status; — it is the *source* of our income. The majority of reasonably well-dressed persons are the pensioners of privilege. One need not be a property-owner. The whole classification depends upon whether one gets a slice, either small or large, from the fat pocket-book of privilege.

But neither will a pair of overalls turn a man into a democrat. Democracy is, first of all, an Idea, — too magnificent in its sweep to find lodgment in a narrow forehead any more than in a selfish heart. It is a service too exacting in its daily ritual to be observed by any but a small minority of faithful souls. The working-man who consents to an Industry-for-Profit is an upholder of privilege quite as much as is the master who takes the Profit. And if our working-man perpetuates such a system by voting for its candidates, or by abstaining from voting, or by supporting an Education based upon such an Industry, he affirms quite unmis-

takably that he has no quarrel with the present order of things. If he has any quarrel, it is with his own too modest part in the industrial game. For privilege, — no matter what those in authority may say to the contrary, — privilege is not a child of God or Nature. It is a creation of human law, of very fallible, very selfish, very often mistaken human law. Privilege is born and thrives and waxes great only because the law will have it so. It would be quite as easy for the law to have it otherwise. As soon as the working-men of America deny economic privilege, they can destroy it in one day through the same agency which now upholds it, — the ballot.

It takes a good head and a large heart to be a democrat. The majority of working-men have neither of these requisites. By consenting to tyranny above him, the working-man almost invariably inaugurates it in the dependent world below him. He is all too apt to be a petty tyrant in his own family, failing to give any real freedom to either his wife or his children. In his industrial life he is prone to show the same spirit. In the closed shop, in limited apprenticeship, in all forms of trades-unionism, he is not fighting for the abolition of privilege, which is his true historic mission, but

he is opposing one form of privilege by another quite as indefensible.

If you consent to the rules of the game, it is not sportsmanlike to kick when the game goes against you. The present complexion of the Congress, of the judiciary, and of the state legislatures shows conclusively that an overwhelming majority of our working-men do consent to the rules of the game, and are too unintelligent to perceive that the pensioners of privilege play always with loaded dice. Now Democracy does not consent to the present rules of the industrial game. By abolishing all privilege, by declining to accept anything that all may not have their counterpart of, on the same terms, Democracy declares for an open field and no favors. It is, then, highly mischievous and misleading for our working-man to believe, or for us to believe, that just because he wears overalls during the week, and delights on Sunday to sit around the house in his shirt-sleeves, he is a democrat. And it is quite as mischievous and misleading for any of us to believe that a prosperous-looking man is a democrat just because he puts his feet on the table, tilts his hat unbecomingly, and holds his cigar at a rakish angle. He may be ill-bred, but he is not necessarily a democrat.

But even among the children of privilege themselves it is quite inevitable that marked discrepancies in income should produce equally marked class-distinctions. The man with ten thousand a year may have a genuine affection for his old chum struggling along on one thousand, and may not intend to drift away from him, but the daily habits which go with ten thousand and with one thousand are themselves separating causes. If one man goes down to his office at nine or ten, and leaves at three or four, while the other man must be at his desk from eight until six, the hours themselves make a line of cleavage. A similiar abyss of habits yawns between the man with ten thousand and the man with a hundred thousand or more.

The average working-man, with his scant five hundred a year, is separated by high walls of social impossibility from all the well-to-do. In the future, if Industry is to sweep over Education and lay her fateful hand upon the American artisan while he is still a child, the social cleavage between him and the youngster destined for a more liberal culture, will be even more marked and unavoidable. In addition to the differences in ideas and habits bred by differences of income and consequent social opportunity, there will be

still more fundamental differences. The two children are destined for wholly different worlds; one is to be efficient labor-power, and the other, if the weeds do not grow up and choke him, is to be a man. There may be a theoretical good fellowship between the two lads, but there can scarcely be any genuine comradeship. They speak a different language, live in a different world, and strive for a different goal. One would not want all boys to be trained alike, — it would be quite horrible if they all took to lecturing, — but up to a certain point, a democrat would certainly wish them to be educated alike in being made strong and beautiful and accomplished and good; would certainly wish them all to live in an open, fresh-air world of opportunity, rather than in social compartments, and would certainly wish the special training to come at a time when the lad had shown his quality and could choose with some degree of intelligence. Our premature Industrial Education settles an important point much too early, and tends to deepen and perpetuate our present regrettable class-distinctions.

It may be that Democracy is too difficult a creed, and Christianity too ideal a plan of life; it may be that class-distinctions are both inevitable and

salutary, and that inequality is the proper social programme. Personally I do not believe this. But if it be true, let us have done with our hypocritical praise of Democracy, and our Christian Church, and our loud assertion that in America we have no classes.

If we really believe in a plutocracy as the ultimate social goal, and believe that there is some occult necessity and advantage in the hostility and exclusiveness which now mark the shifting but well-defined classes in American society, we could scarcely do better than to perpetuate the present industrial order. And if we wish still further to mark these class-distinctions, making them deep and permanent, and giving them a really solid basis in heredity, we have in Industrial Education an excellent method to that end. While the Americans of the future are still children, and have no voice in the matter, Industrial Education would separate the sheep from the goats, and would start them out on their rapidly divergent ways.

If we do believe in Democracy, however; if we do believe in Comradeship and Brotherhood; if we do believe that all classes, rich as well as poor, lose immeasurably by this division into alien and antagonistic groups, then we have a very plain

duty before us. We must repudiate most vigorously any union of Education and Industry, by which our present ill-devised Industry-for-Profit shall be allowed to swallow Education, and so confirm a plutocratic world in its sins. As practical persons, we must work unceasingly for such an extension of Education into the field of Industry that Industry shall lose its present insatiable appetite for Profit, and shall regain its old concern for Persons.

XIX

PROFIT AND SOCIETY

It is one of the most serious defects of an Industry-for-Profit, and its handmaiden, Industrial Education, that they deepen and perpetuate the growing class-distinctions in America. But there are other social evils, inflicted upon society as a whole, that are even more disastrous. To mention only the major evils, we have as the *direct* results of such an industrial régime, the army of the unemployed, woman and child-labor, drunkenness, prostitution, illiteracy, low standards, political corruption, industrial panics and foreign wars.

It is the comfortable belief of the prosperous classes, and was my own comfortable belief until I looked into the matter and learned better, that the unemployed are so from choice. We see idle fields and neglected roadways and closed factories. We hear that Mrs. Smith has great difficulty in securing servants and even greater difficulty in retaining them. We notice that in the daily papers, following close upon the heels of the column of "Situations Wanted" is the column of "Help

Wanted." Perhaps we get an occasional glimpse of some of the unemployed and vote them a distinctly seedy lot. They are out at the elbow and down at the heel, and altogether very shabby-looking. Worse still, they are personally untidy, unshaven, unwashed, unkempt. Their linen is dirty; they do not carry themselves well; they do not look you straight in the eye. They slink along as if already convicted of their many sins. Too often their breath smells of liquor. We are quite sure that no amount of misfortune would bring *us* to such a pass. We would keep ourselves clean and our faces shaved and our clothes neat. We would hold ourselves erect and look everybody square in the face. It is easy when one reasons in this way to convince one's self that this army of unemployed is a voluntary one, and all tramps and vagrants have only themselves to thank. But it all looks very different when we allow ourselves to think for a moment what would be our own plight if we were deprived, even for a few days, of our comfortable bed, our convenient bathroom, our adequate wardrobe, our abundant table, our friendly household, our helpful friends, our trained intelligence, our reasonably equipped purse. As it is, we are somewhat upset by the loss of a single meal,

or the mislaying of a safety razor. In spite of our excellent social background, we would soon be far from presentable persons if we had to meet for a week the hard conditions which confront the unemployed for many weeks, or even months.

It is also salutary to recall how a few days' illness robbed us of our self-reliance, and made us very seedy-looking. Many of these unattractive, unemployed persons are suffering from serious illness and all of them are the victims of the same grave malady, — poverty.

There is, perhaps, no remedy for all illness, but for the specific illness of the poor — their poverty — there is a simple and effective remedy. It is good, honest work. In our ignorance we wonder why the unemployed do not at once apply so sovereign a remedy. A couple of generations back, such a wonder, here in America, would have been well-founded. There was always work at hand on the unoccupied lands of the west. There was fertile land to be had for the asking. If a man could find no one to hire him, he had but to take up a quarter-section of land, and hire himself, collecting his wages from the fertile earth herself. But all that has changed now. There is still plenty of land left, but it is barren land on which no

amount of industry will enable a man to earn his living, or else it is land which can only be made productive through the liberal use of capital. Each hungry mouth that comes into the world still brings its pair of wonder-working hands, but the means of subsistence have been appropriated, and these hands must now be held out, not to a generous Mother Earth, but to those who own all land and tools, — the possessing class. But the possessing class is not interested in hungry mouths or wonder-working hands. It is only interested in Profit. Its object is not to find work for all; it is, on the contrary, to find work for the least possible number. The shorter the pay-roll, and the longer the working-day, the greater the Profit.

The invention of machinery of increased efficiency furthers this process of elimination. A machine which does the work of ten men could be made the benefactor of society if the ten men now worked but one hour per day, and received the old living wage. But under an Industry-for-Profit this does not happen. What does happen is that one man continues to work for ten hours a day and nine men are set adrift. It is no wonder that the possessing classes grow richer and richer. It could not be otherwise, for almost all

the advantage of our immense ingenuity goes to them. Our so-called labor-saving machinery saves no labor; it saves wages, and the saved wages go for the most part to the owners of the machinery.

Mechanical progress, under our present industrial régime, means inevitably increased poverty, for fewer men are needed to accomplish the old stint of daily work. We might, of course, employ the old number of men, and turn out ten times the amount of goods, but that would be economically impossible, for there would be no market. The workers might want the goods (I know of no community where the workers have all that they could profitably use in the way of even food, clothing and shelter, to say nothing of sewing machines, pianos, bicycles, bathrooms, motor-cars, books, pictures and pleasure craft), but their wages are not sufficient to pay for the goods; and the upper classes, however spendthrift their habits, cannot destroy more than an inappreciable amount of this gigantic productivity. There is, of course, the outlet of foreign trade; but here again we run up against other commercial nations with the same thrifty intention; and we run up increasingly against the manifest desire of all the nations to

resist foreign exploitation, and to exploit their own people themselves.

This double disobligingness leads of course to trouble. It did in 1776, and it has more or less intermittently ever since. But even such foreign trade as we can capture has its unescapable disadvantage. The buying nations cannot pay cash. In the long run they have to pay in goods. And these, being mostly perishable, must needs be consumed within a reasonable time or lose their value. Hence this precious foreign market, for which the commercial nations of the world struggle so ignominiously, turns out to be Dead Sea fruit. It necessitates another home-market for the foreign goods. There is, of course, a legitimate exchange between countries differently situated as regards natural resources, an honorable exchange by which each nation gets a larger return for a given expenditure of labor-power. But the charm of foreign trade does not lie in this sort of human equity. It lies in cheating, giving less value than you receive, giving less labor-power for more labor-power. Such a trade is juiciest when carried on with ignorant nations who do not understand the full significance of the game.

But in any case, it is very clear that if you get more labor-power than you give, such an exchange

does not help on the cause of labor-power at home. Paradoxical as it may sound, the more "advantageous" (I use the word in a trader's sense), the more "advantageous" your foreign trade may be, the harder it is on the mass of the people, that is to say on the workers. Hence we have that precious sophistry of the older economists and the present politicians, our scheme of a protective tariff, which must be revised always at the hands of its friends, and must always be revised. As it works out in America, the tariff is an instrument of oppression and iniquity; but it has one great merit which has not been sufficiently seized upon,—it shows most conclusively, if further proof be needed, that the interests of the working classes and the profit-takers, instead of being identical, are confessedly antagonistic. What generally is seized upon at election time is the huge benevolence of the protective tariff (in the hands of the republican party, please remember, Mr. Voter) in so generously alleviating the otherwise hard lot of the working-man. And this specious process of equilibration is employed to blind us all to the fact that there is an honorable foreign trade, value given for value received, labor-power for labor-power, which is to the genuine advantage of all concerned.

In our present industrial anarchy there is but one practical remedy against producing more than we can sell. It is to limit production by limiting the number of workers. If all worked, the market would soon be glutted with goods. An army of unemployed is therefore inevitable. No man can employ them with profit; and destitute of lands and tools, they cannot employ themselves. With each increase in industrial efficiency the army of the unemployed is also bound to increase. Already it looms large as a grave and dangerous element in American society.

A willingness to take risks is a characteristic of the American temperament,—nothing venture, nothing have. Our factories represent large capital, and capital is always hungry for profits. It is quite natural, therefore, that each manufacturer should produce to the utmost, hoping against hope to outwit his competitors, and dispose of all his product. In addition, our manufacturer may indulge the pleasing illusion that his own product has some occult merit which ought to find a place for it in even an overstocked market. In individual cases, the theory works, but taking production as a whole, the theory does not and cannot work; and so from time to time, we find ourselves with

a grand surplus of unsold goods on our hands and production is brought to a standstill. This state of affairs is so periodically recurrent that we have an accepted phrase for it — *over-production*.

Now over-production does not mean that at last the old human need for food and clothing and shelter and tools has been generously satisfied and that the world is taking a well-earned holiday. On the contrary, men and women and children are dying for lack of just these necessaries. Over-production simply means that the possibility of Profit has been exhausted. However imperative the current human need, an Industry-for-Profit suspends operations, and waits until consumption or decay or war has emptied her too-full warehouses and made Profit once more possible. For the working-people, over-production means this incredible thing, that they must starve because they have produced too much wealth. For society as a whole it means that unpleasant thing, an industrial panic, and everybody complaining of hard times.

There are several cures for over-production, but they all proclaim as from the house-tops, the utter irrationality of an Industry capable of producing such a dilemma. These cures all come under one heading; they are human disasters, — earthquake,

fire, flood, decay, and, saddest of all, brutal, unforgivable commercial warfare. It is a hideous thing that men should welcome disaster, and especially when the disaster involves a loss of life. But they do welcome it, — the working-class, because in the sudden and widespread destruction of commodities, they see a returning chance for work ; the profit-takers, because they see a returning chance for Profit. That gracious maxim, — *It's an ill wind that blows no one any good* — is quoted in self-congratulatory tones.

The plethora of labor-power used to find an outlet in the unoccupied lands of the West. (Thomas Jefferson pointed out what would happen when that outlet was exhausted.) This plethora of unsold goods used to find some sort of outlet in foreign trade. A progressive commercial nation was inevitably a warlike nation, — *Trade follows the flag.* England in India, America in the Philippines, Japan in Manchuria, Germany in Africa, Old Spain in the New World, are all typical examples. But now these old hunting-grounds are becoming exhausted. Japan, China, even India, propose to supply their own markets. The wants of Africa are still distressingly meagre. South America retains considerable absorbing power. But taking

the world as a whole, its productive power is fast outstripping its buying power, — not, mark you, its consumptive power. That, from the point of view of an Industry-for-Profit, is quite a different thing, and much less important. The result of this disparity between producing and buying power is inevitable — the great manufacturing nations have become keen competitors for the world-markets. The stake is assumed to be national supremacy. And so the competition does not limit itself to a fine rivalry in the excellence and beauty and durability of the products offered, — allowing the buyer to choose. The rivalry turns all too easily to force.

Warfare is horrible enough when it is waged for the defence of one's home, for the maintenance of a great principle, for the safe-guarding of civilization. It becomes contemptible beyond words when it has no better purpose than the conquest of a foreign market for the perpetuation of an indefensible industrial system.

We must then set down to the very grave charge of an Industrialism which Education now proposes still further to establish and confirm, that it is the direct cause of unemployment, over-production, industrial panics, and the major part of modern warfare.

XX

A WORD ABOUT THE TRUST

THERE are certain lines of commodities which seem never to suffer from over-production. One does not hear of forced sales of oil, of beef, of sugar, of lumber, of coal, of steel, of tobacco, of biscuit, of matches, or of a dozen other standard products which one could readily mention. It has been discovered by the vendors of these articles that competition instead of being the life of trade, is its death, that it brings disaster to both manufacturer and worker.

There is but one way to avoid competition, and that is to create a monopoly, to create a so-called trust. The trust is economically the logical and legitimate successor of competition. It studies the market and so avoids over-production; it effects a thousand economies in production; it dispenses with the necessity of advertising. In a word, it brings business order out of business chaos.

It would be easy to grow enthusiastic over the trust, in spite of the Sherman Act and the popular outcry against all trusts, if it were not for one

very grave defect; the large benefits of the trust do not accrue to the army of working people who carry out its orderly processes, or to that even larger army of consumers whose human needs offer a market for its product, but these benefits accrue solely to the small groups of men who have for their own benefit so adroitly organized these armies of producers and consumers. Not only does the public not share in the benefits of economic production and market control, but when unrestrained, the monopolists are tempted to go a step or two in the opposite direction and raise the prices of their products just as far as they dare. The limit of prudence is, of course, the incentive which too high prices would offer to the formation of a rival trust, and the loss of market which would result from placing the price above the reach of the average consumer. By making the trust big enough and powerful enough, the danger of rivalry is pretty much eliminated; and by handling some necessary which consumers absolutely must have, high prices and a wide market may both be maintained.

To the public, the trust-maker urges the great economies to be effected in the Industry; to his confederates, he urges the inducement of enorm-

ous profits. The process is well illustrated by the copper trust now in the making. Its admirable exoteric purpose is to reduce the cost of producing copper, and to limit the output to the actual and easily ascertainable demand. So far so good. But it has an esoteric purpose, much less admirable. This is to lift the price of copper from 12 cents per pound to 15 or 16 cents. It is difficult to see how the public will be benefited by such an arrangement. It is easy to see how the promoters of the trust will be enriched.

Few people think, and they but seldom. This unfortunate tendency is nowhere better illustrated than in the public attitude towards the trust. It is perfectly clear that in the field of production, the trust is the only rational and economic mechanism. Its defect is in the field of consumption. Public welfare will be furthered, therefore, not by abolishing the trust, but by rigid regulation, or, better still, by its nationalization. As the servant of the whole people, the trust is the ideal method of production. Why should we turn more leather into footgear than the people can wear, or raise more turnips than they can eat, or build more cottages than they can inhabit?

But here's the rub. The unrestrained trust is

Industry-for-Profit in its barest and extreme terms. The nationalized trust is an important step toward a rational Industry-for-Use. That is what all the warfare is about. In the trust, the profit-takers have not only created a perfect instrument for their own purposes, but by its very transparency, they have let the cat out of the bag, and suggested an equally transparent remedy.

XXI

PROFIT AND POVERTY

Those who have studied the temperance question agree that the most prolific source of drunkenness is poverty. Some, and careful people at that, go so far as to say that it is *the* cause. If we interpret the word broadly enough, so as to include the material poverty of the poor, and the spiritual poverty of the very rich, the analysis is probably true. Our current Industry-for-Profit, with its faulty methods of production and still more faulty methods of distribution, is responsible for practically all our current poverty. Such an Industry must then be regarded as the direct cause of drunkenness and the manifold train of evils which follow in its wake. This is a crushing indictment when it is remembered that over ninety per cent of all the crimes committed in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for example, are directly traceable to drink.

The advocates of temperance have done well to magnify the importance of their cause. Here in the East, where the different social classes are

pretty thoroughly segregated, and the police are careful that our sensitiveness shall not be shocked, we have little personal contact with drunkenness. When a man of our own class takes a little too much, as we gently phrase it, he is adroitly railroaded out of the way by relatives or friends or servants, and we dispose of the matter in our own minds merely as a regrettable foible. But in the West, in California, for example, where life is more exposed and open, one may study the aspect of drunkenness without let or hindrance. It does not take long residence in any frontier district to realize that prohibition means the difference between decency and ruffianism. That lingering pest of the Southwest, the "bad man," needs a lot of poor whiskey as well as a gun, in order to make himself an intolerable nuisance. The lovers of decency in America are under large obligations to the temperance people, even to the somewhat fanatical prohibitionists, for their material help in furthering social order. It is true that in the earlier days, the analysis of the evil made by the abstainers, was extremely faulty. They believed that saloons were the cause of drunkenness, instead of being merely a part of the mechanism. They ascribed too great power to the individual

pledge. They made other inevitable mistakes. But it was through this initial groping that the true cause of drunkenness was at last discerned. Miss Frances Willard, the greatest name on the roll of the temperance army, came to the final conclusion that the major cause of drunkenness is poverty; and that the effective weapons of the temperance propaganda are wholesome, well-cooked food, decent homes, moderate toil, reasonable leisure and diversion, and a general outlook not devoid of hope and good cheer.

But our current Industry-for-Profit does not grant these reasonable life-conditions to the workers. What it does grant them is a bare subsistence, uncertain, as well as meagre. And to the unemployed, it grants a scanty alms. We must then hold such an Industry responsible for the brutal drunkenness in America, and for its attendant crimes. An Education which allies itself with such a system has become the enemy rather than the friend of temperance and decency.

A similar causal connection exists between poverty and prostitution. It is incredible that the virtuous men and women of America, and especially the women, should believe for one moment that the half million or more prostitutes in this country are

such from choice. In respectable society, marriages for money have accustomed us to the thought that even a woman of our own class, if the bid be high enough, will sell herself once. Irregular unions of a purer sort have shown us that under pressure of that supreme emotion which comes to a woman perhaps but once in a lifetime, women will give themselves wholly and completely without at all counting the cost. But it is incredible that any woman should voluntarily sell herself daily, and at so pitiable and fatal a price. It means on the average, four years of Hell, and at the end a dishonored grave. The devoted men and women who are now fighting the social evil in all our large cities have come, like the scientific temperance workers, to accept human nature as quite the best thing that the planet Earth has yet produced, and they are directing their fight against the cause of prostitution, — against poverty.

One does not have to be shown the red-light district and the haggard, painted faces that peer out of the windows in that district, to believe in the reality of prostitution. One has but to glance over the pay-roll of young girls in factories and department stores. The wage is not enough to keep body and soul together. Remember, too, that

for the most part they are very ignorant and inexperienced young girls. It is no wonder that the weaker among them, and perhaps the more daring as well, take their fate in their own hands, and supplement their pitiable wage by a still more pitiable and impossible one. The direct cause of their downfall is not inherent depravity, but grinding, unbearable poverty. The moral responsibility for it all must rest, in the last analysis, with the profit-taking society which imposes such a poverty.

We have spoken of child-labor and woman-labor, and the individual crime of it. But suppose for the moment that we harden our hearts to it, and agree to the sacrifice of the women and children, — the question still remains, whether society can afford such a sacrifice. When women go out to labor in mills and factories and stores, it means one of two things. If they are married women, it means in the first place that they have not the physical vigor to bear sturdy, robust children who will become the best type of citizen. And it means in the second place that when the children are born, they will not be properly cared for. It requires no very vivid imagination to perceive how utterly inadequate a home is bound to be if the

mother is absent during the long work-day, and is so thoroughly tired out, on her return, that she counts as a neutral or even negative element. It means among other things that the older girls are quite prematurely transformed into little house-mothers, and are given tasks and anxieties quite beyond their years.

This neglect of home life is so manifest on all sides that we see a growing disposition on the part of our metropolitan school boards to take over more and more of the child's welfare into their own hands, — to provide hot lunches and baths and dental and medical attendance and the like. Rather than have the children neglected, it is a tendency much to be encouraged, but it must not blind us to the fact that the decay of home life is nothing short of a national disaster. It means an emotional and educational loss to the children for which no municipal fostering, however thorough-going, can at all adequately compensate. And it is equally true that mothers and fathers suffer a tremendous loss in thus giving up the care of their children.

One sees the same desecration and impoverish-ment of home life among the very rich. Business and sport occupy the parents, while the children

are given over to servants. It is a veritable disaster; but since the rich form only a very small minority of the nation, it is happily a social disaster of relatively small magnitude. The forces that sap the life-blood of the great working class are the ones that bring ultimate decay. Yet this deterioration in the rich has far-reaching social effects, since the rich are still the ruling class and determine the tone of our public life.

When the women who work in our factories are still unmarried, the potential racial harm is quite as great. The industrial demand, as we have already pointed out, is increasingly for young girls. They are cheaper, and they can be broken in more easily and more effectively than older women. If the work were wholesome physical work, developing muscles, lungs, and heart, making the girls strong and robust and beautiful, the major social objections to the factory would disappear. But this is not the case. The very reverse is true. For the most part, the work is attendance upon a rapidly-moving machine. The greater the speed, the greater the profit. The policy therefore is to adjust the speed, not to the average girl, but to the quickest, and to force the others to come up to the maximum rate. One need not be a physician to

realize the effect of such nerve-racking work upon girls of fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen — young girls just coming into womanhood and the possibilities of maternity, young girls whom we, as lovers of America, ought to protect and safeguard. But instead of protecting them and safeguarding them, our Industry-for-Profit puts upon them at this critical period, the greatest pressure that flesh and blood can bear.

It is America that pays the price.

These young girls never grow into sound womanhood. They become nervously unstrung and worn out. Listen to the pitch of their voices and to their easy, hysterical laughter. Such beauty as youth gives to the most favored among them, is frail and evanescent. These girls are not strong and robust at the start, and day by day they become less so. In time they are mothers, the mothers of future Americans, not because they are qualified for motherhood, but because the sound instinct for parenthood is one of the last to die. But their children are permanently handicapped, — poor little creatures whom no subsequent philanthropy or municipal fostering can transform into whole men and women.

When women perform exhausting toil, our Indus-

try-for-Profit strikes at the very source of national strength and integrity. When it enlists children in its service, it makes the final human sacrifice. It robs the present as well as the future, for to physical unsoundness it adds the mental unsoundness of enforced illiteracy. America is in no present danger from foreign foes. Thanks to a world-wide Industry-for-Profit, other nations have their own home problems; within their own borders they are called upon to deal with its inevitable product, a race of native barbarians. But America is in grave danger from within, from the hundreds of thousands of uneducated, unemployed, discontented, degenerate offspring whom she has herself begotten and reared. It is impossible to sow the wind, and not reap the whirlwind.

XXII

PROFIT AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION

It must not be supposed that the profit-takers themselves have an easy time of it. On the contrary the great majority of them have, at some time in their career, a very difficult time. So many persons are stubborn and resent being exploited; so many persons are lazy, and wish to live without working, that competition among the profit-takers is terribly keen. Each enterprising adventurer is seeking some advantage over his fellow *chevaliers d'industrie*. In a community not enamored of cheapness, he might honorably gain his ends by offering better and better wares. In spite of the difficulty of such a policy, a few — to their credit be it said — honestly pursue it, and with varying degrees of success. But the greater number float with the tide, and to a world which worships tinsel and shoddy, they offer tinsel and shoddy, lowering their standards just as far as circumstances will permit. If you complain when skimmed milk is offered for cream, you are laughed at for your pains, and told that no one but an ignoramus is

taken in by misstatements too obvious even to be called falsehoods. In addition to this keen competition among themselves, the little profit-takers must face the relentless encroachment of the trusts. If they care to look, they can see their fate approaching on an express train.

It is a cheap game, that of skimping, and competition has so far cut down the profits that master minds are no longer attracted. A more promising source of advantage is either through the monopoly of a well-organized trust, or through those special forms of privilege which municipal, state, and federal government have it in their power to grant. Advantages of this latter sort have an enormous value, and things that have an enormous value soon come to have a considerable cash price. It is an easy business proposition that if, through franchises, charters, contracts, and tariffs, these large advantages can be gathered in, they are certainly worth paying for, and even paying pretty high for. And so our Industry-for-Profit adds one more sin to its long list, the sin of political corruption, a sin disintegrating at once to the individual and to the nation, and now unhappily a sin all too characteristic of public life in America.

It would be impossible to estimate the amount

of these frauds, since it is a form of business which does not go in for book-keeping; but from such disclosures as have been arrived at, one may safely say that the yearly budget runs into the millions, perhaps into the billions. Yet gigantic as the theft is, it sinks into insignificance compared to that vastly greater moral loss which comes from having the fabric of our daily life essentially dishonest. The degradation of America is summed up in that one characteristic question of both politician and profit-taker, — *what is there in it for me?*

An Education which takes for its partner our current Industry-for-Profit, takes at the same time and quite unavoidably, all the other partners of such an Industry, political corruption among the rest.

XXIII

PULLING-DOWN AND BUILDING-UP

We come now to the constructive part of our inquiry.

I used to think that the man who pulled down without immediately building up rendered so poor a service to society that he deserved to be called an enemy rather than a friend. I was taken in by that poor little platitude which is so sweet in the mouth of every conservative, — it is easier to pull down than it is to build up. But I discovered after a time, that not only is this poor little saying a platitude of the first order, but that, like so many other platitudes, it is not even true. It may be true of barns and chicken-coops, — a lighted match, properly applied, will speedily do the work, — but it is not true of human ideas and institutions. They have a surprising vitality. We all know multitudes of men and women who spin around in sixty-horse-power motor-cars, who decline anything less than a limited express train, who cross the Atlantic in ocean greyhounds, who are in all things the devotees of speed and size and number, but who, in

spite of all this outer modernity, carry around with them a stock of ideas which can only be described as mediæval. It is extraordinarily difficult to change this stock of ideas. You may talk for a day and a night, and you may make an impression, but it will be like a hole in wet sand, which begins to disappear as soon as you withdraw your stick. The puller-down of barns and chicken-coops has a very easy task; the puller-down of ideas has an amazingly difficult one. This is particularly true after forty. Most middle-aged persons, and practically all old persons, are the victims of fixed ideas. Any alienist can tell you what that means. The extreme cases, you can study at the state asylum. After every explosion, earthquake, or other shake-up, these victims of the fixed idea resume just where they left off, unchanged and unchangeable.

Even younger persons have an astonishingly fixed stock of ideas. My own work has been largely with young boys. Those who do not know them — this sometimes includes their own parents — regard them as wild, lawless creatures, capable of any radicalism. But such is not the case. The average American boy from the average American home is a conservative of the conservatives. His stock of acquired ideas is small, and he must therefore

fall back upon his much larger stock of inherited ideas. When you reason with him, you reason mostly with his grandfather and his great-grandmother. He seems careless in his dress, — but suggest even a slight innovation! He seems all-inclusive in his activities, — but suggest some occupation commonly given over to girls and women! Try him with some new article of food, change his hours of meals, try to introduce some brand-new game, and you will be surprised, I think, to find how bound this apparently lawless young creature is to both fixed ideas and habits.

Several years ago, when I was in California, I went up to Santa Rosa to see Luther Burbank. I was shown into a small study, almost severe in its simplicity. On a table, there stood, after the manner of the Japanese, a single perfect flower. It was the gorgeous red poppy which Burbank has evolved from the small yellow poppy that in the springtime turns the California countryside into a veritable field of the cloth of gold. In a moment Burbank entered and I knew instinctively that I stood in the presence of a great man. Face to face with the man and his brilliant creation, it was an immense temptation to talk to him about his work. But I realized in time that he must be tired to death

answering just such questions as I had it in mind to ask. By a sudden inspiration, I decided to tell him about my own work. I happened to have a score of photographs in my pocket, and these served as pleasant illustrations to tales of small boys and camp-life.

Burbank was a little surprised, I think, at the turn the conversation had taken, but he was also pleased, for he saw the motive, and he was himself genuinely interested in Education, — he had just written his little book, "The Training of the Human Plant." At the end of our talk, he said to me: "You are doing with boys just what I am doing with plants. You are changing their habits so radically that you are free to impress upon them any new set of habits you may elect."

This remark is only partly true, I think, since the habits of boys are much more persistent than the habits of plants, and it is less possible to impress a new set of habits upon them. But the remark is nevertheless illuminating as indicating that entrance upon a new set of habits and ideas may only be gained, in general, by a somewhat radical breaking up of the old set, by a change of heart, a spiritual revolution.

It has been my own experience, and it has been,

I take it, the experience of the world at large, that a genuine change of heart, a genuine conversion, is comparatively quick work, while the preparatory period, the breaking down of obscuring ideas and habits, the clearing of the ground, is a matter of many years. Experience is admitted to be the best teacher, and yet observe how terribly slow she is. It takes years, sometimes a lifetime, to tear down the many props of prejudice and false belief. It is appalling, almost disheartening, to realize how inaccessible we are to ideas, how stubborn is our individual and class and racial psychology. I have come, then, to have great respect for the work of the puller-down, for I have learned that it is vastly harder than the work of the builder-up.

The first part of this book is devoted to the work of pulling down. I have tried to show, perhaps with reprehensible iteration, that our present Industry-for-Profit is, from the point of view of humanity and religion, even from the point of view of common decency, an altogether hideous and impossible system. I have tried to show Profit the thing that it is, to state in modern terms that centuries-old conclusion, that the love of money is the root of all evil. I am not particularly anxious

to have men join me in an abstract and general condemnation of our present Industry. A lot of pious persons do that already, and go on drawing their dividends. What I am anxious to do is to pull down the belief that Profit is permissible, to pull down the belief *in the individual heart and mind* that a man can be decent, chivalrous, religious, can advance, himself, to the fullest manhood, and allow men and women and children to work for his profit, starving their own lives. The thing is impossible. If men could be brought to see this, everything else would follow. If even a few men have been brought to see this through the halting and partial argument in the preceding pages, or through the fuller and more convincing argument which these pages may have suggested to their own keener minds, I shall be more than happy.

In the remaining pages, I shall attempt to be constructive, to build up; but at the outset I want to point out that I regard the pulling down as the far more difficult and important task, and that I should be quite unwilling to have the results stand or fall with the acceptance or non-acceptance of that industrial structure which I join with others in trying to build up. If you can do better than we, come over and help us, for our need is very

great. But in the name of all that's holy, do not allow any disagreement with our plan, or any detail of our plan, to justify you in going back to what you have already repudiated, — the present system. Yet I can hardly imagine that there will be any vital disagreement, since the denial of an Industry-for-Profit seems logically to necessitate the acceptance of an Industry-for-Use. That is what I want to build up in the remaining pages, a picture of the union of Education with an Industry-for-Use.

XXIV

AN EDUCATIONAL INDUSTRY

It is a vastly more agreeable task to turn from these pictures of an industrialism run wild to that saner and more rational alternative, the union of Education and Industry in which Education sweeps out over the whole field of Industry and permeates it with its own superb concern for persons. It is the second and less popular alternative. Yet it is but a return to the original conception of Industry, before greed had transformed it into an instrument of oppression. Although, at the moment, less popular, this second alternative has about it the eternal element of reasonableness and in the end must come into its own.

I have tried to show that the Industrial Education which results from an alliance of Education with an Industry-for-Profit is bound to intensify the disorder which now characterizes our industrial life. Education is an ideal enterprise which has always stood for human integrity and quality. If we abandon this high purpose for a considerable number of our children, and substitute for it

an industrial efficiency which is to be employed solely for the further profit of the profit-takers, we not only intensify the class-distinctions already too well established in America, but we introduce a fatal unsoundness into the educational ideal itself. It is an impossible situation. It means not only the surrender of human personal values, — the terms in which every civilization must finally be measured, — but it also means the ultimate defeat of Industry itself. It takes able persons to do able things. Let us then inquire, in some detail, what the social result would be, if instead of working for things and the profit in things, we worked avowedly and unremittingly for excellence in persons.

It may be well, first of all, to recur to that major objection of the industrialists, — and the source, perhaps, of their greatest impatience with us, — that we humanists are too little conscious of what they are pleased to call the stern facts of life; that we ignore the bread-and-butter problem all too cheerfully; that we talk as if food and clothing and shelter and tools and apparatus could be had for the asking. In their hard, unsympathetic eyes, we are a set of idealists and dreamers who could ill be trusted to administer the resources of America.

It is an objection quite honestly held, but it can be quite easily and honestly met. No humanist whose voice deserves a public hearing, ever ignores the bread-and-butter problem. On the contrary, he urges it in a more thoroughgoing way than the industrialists themselves, for he would insist that every man earn his own bread, and not the working-man alone. Every rational scheme of Education *is* vocational; it is incomplete until it has imparted some special form of skill or knowledge by which its final graduate can usefully and honorably earn his own living. In addition to being more inclusive, the scheme of Education advocated by the humanists is also more practical. It gives a more thorough preparation for the vocation, since it bases all special study upon the solid foundation of a sound and well-developed intelligence. In a word, it does not skimp, — it turns out genuine experts.

The differences between the humanistic and the industrial Education are very real.

In the first place, the humanist regards a genuine vocation as essential for every man, but holds it always as a means toward the complete individual and social living. The industrialist regards the vocation as the end (for all poor people at

least) and subordinates men and women and children to the vocation. The humanist speaks of the needs and demands of men. The industrialist has much to say about the demands of Industry.

In the second place, the humanist denies the validity of all Industry-for-Profit, and refuses, point-blank, to prepare children and young people for its service. He admits the beauty, desirability, and necessity of an Industry-for-Use and would prepare all persons, without exception, to take an acceptable part, at the proper time, in the development of such an Industry.

In the third place, and perhaps most vital of all, the humanist would give to every child a sound liberal education, which would insure him a human integrity and quality and would make impossible those deep-rooted class distinctions which now disfigure American society. Such an Education would include the foundations of all Industry, — drawing, manual training, natural science, gymnastic, — as well as the basis of all culture, — language, mathematics, music, history, and the modern humanities. The humanist would give this education up to perhaps the twentieth year, until the young men and young women were old enough, and mature enough, and educated enough to select a vo-

cation wisely, and to build upon the sure foundations of general knowledge and culture. Under the humanistic plan, we should have a more successful Industry for the simple reason that the workers would be more intelligent, and better prepared, but it would be an Industry that would be eternally the servant, with man eternally the master.

But here again, the industrialist interposes what he regards as a fatal objection. He urges that American workmen could not afford to send their children to school until they were twenty years old, to say nothing of the additional years for strictly vocational training. He urges, furthermore, that, even were the workmen otherwise able and willing to carry out such an elaborate programme, they would be physically unequal to it, since under our present industrial system, they would be disabled or killed before the children had reached a self-supporting age. This is perfectly true under an Industry-for-Profit, where the actual workers receive only about one fifth of what they produce and four fifths goes to rent, interest, and dividend, to the landlord, the usurer, the exploiter, the middleman, and the tax-gatherer; and further, when all the workers can never be employed at one time, it is

manifestly impossible to introduce any scheme of Education by which the children of the working class shall be adequately prepared for life, and incidentally for a vocation. The objection of the industrialists is valid, and will remain so as long as we retain our Industry-for-Profit. The fault, however, does not lie with the humanist system of Education, but with the current system of Industry. We are quite ready to admit that you cannot idealize Education in America under an Industry-for-Profit, and that is our major reason for throwing it over. One can work out an effective scheme of Education for the rich and well-to-do, for the children of privilege, but one can suggest no practical, workable scheme for the masses which does not at the same time revolutionize the industrial system itself.

When one once perceives this, that it is inadmissible to separate Education and Economics; when one once perceives that the ripe culture of our present universities is as little defensible as the crude vocational training of the industrialist, since both rest upon the exploitation of the working class, it is no longer possible, in the face of such a perception, to build any scheme of ideal Education upon an Industry-for-Profit. In at-

tempting to renovate Education, one is forced to begin by renovating Industry. The proposition to unite Education with an Industry-for-Use rather than an Industry-for-Profit, that is to say, our second and less popular alternative, seems to me the only practical one, since by their own showing, the industrialists are prevented from carrying out any ideal programme by the very thing they will not throw over, and we will not allow, — Profit. The problems of Education and of constructive Economics become one and the same thing — the reorganization of our daily life along the lines of a rational Industry.

XXV

THE ELIMINATION OF PROFIT

THE great problem in the redemption of the outer world is how to get rid of Profit. If we could do that, our Industry would become, of necessity, an Industry-for-Use, and Education could easily be allied with such an Industry, resulting in the idealization of both. It is not a hopeless problem, and it only *seems* difficult. It might be hopeless if, to solve the problem, you had to change human nature. But happily this is not necessary. You have only to show, as we have been trying to show, how hideous Profit is; and to point out, as I hope to be able to point out, the tremendous desirableness of a world devoid of Profit. The elimination of Profit then becomes the desire of human nature, and the problem is as good as solved.

The first step in so large an undertaking as the elimination of Profit is manifestly to discover what Profit is. As we all know, Profit only comes about when you make some sort of a trade. Quite frankly stated, Profit in trade is what you get

for nothing; it is the amount to which you cheat your neighbor. In speaking of foreign trade it was pointed out that there is a perfectly honorable exchange in which labor-power is given for equal labor-power; and there is an unfair exchange in which less labor-power is given for more labor-power. The amount of the fraud, the difference in the labor-power exchanged, is the Profit. This may seem too simple an account of so prodigious a thing as Profit, but the analysis stands or falls by its own reasonableness, and every one is free to judge. Profit is appropriated labor-power. When the appropriation is carried out by force, the plainest name for it is Theft; but there are gentler terms preferred by most profit-takers. In the absence of force, the exchange may be assumed to be with the consent of both parties; but the trade advantage, the Profit, results from the ignorance or helplessness, or sheer necessity, of one of the parties, and is fraud, pure and simple. Profit is getting more than you give, and when all is done and said, it is a pretty poor pawnbroker sort of business.

Profit is so much desired that there are naturally a multitude of ways in which it may be gained. But in the last analysis they all reduce to three

sources,—rent, interest, and dividend,—and one is quite as honorable as another. In rent, there is no exchange of any sort whatever. The non-user of land simply appropriates from the user of land an arbitrary amount of labor-power which he calls rent, and which he collects for the use of something which he does not and cannot possibly own. The user of land pays the rent because he has never taken the trouble to look into the matter, and repudiate so flimsy a claim. The law upholds the claim of the non-user of land as against the user; but the droll part is that the laws are made by men who are sent to the legislative bodies by the users of land. In the United States the majority of users of land pay rent. It ought to take very little analysis on their part to perceive the unreasonableness and dishonesty of such a profit, and very little legislation to wipe it out completely. Of course the non-user of land would be seriously vexed and would quote, with great solemnity, such fine old texts, as *Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's*, but for his life he could not tell you why the things *are* Cæsar's. Neither could I; neither could any other man. The plain truth of the matter is that no human labor-power created the earth, and no man may

lay claim to it beyond his very small share — the part that he actually uses.

Rent is a very respectable source of income. It supports pious persons in very commodious establishments. It runs churches and schools and universities. It carries out extended foreign missions. It bears the burden of immense eleemosynary activities. But nevertheless it is wholly indefensible. It is taking from one set of persons, who have at least a just claim to their own share of the land, and giving it to another set of persons who have no just claim whatever. It is all carried out by due process of law, but that does not alter the moral issue. The law uses force, — court and constable — to bring about an unfair exchange, the giving of something for nothing; and so for that appropriation of labor-power, which the polite world calls rent, we must use the harsher term of theft.

Let us recall the words of our staunch old democrat, Whitman, and see how they accord with the Profit known as rent: "My God, I will accept nothing that all may not have their counterpart of, on the same terms." It would seem that democracy and the private ownership of land are wholly incompatible terms. That the earth belongs to the people who happen at the time to be the

guests of earth, is not a fine-spun theory, but the plain teaching of justice and democracy. Rent is the equally plain denial of this teaching, and therefore the equally plain denial of both justice and democracy.

In interest, the second form of profit, we have an appropriation of labor-power expressly repudiated by almost all the great religions of the world, including the Christian Church, but practiced with notable assiduity by nearly all Christians. The exchange here is a curious one. It is between the labor-power represented by interest, and the use of the medium of exchange, measured in units of time, — days, months, or years. In addition to the interest, the borrower, as we all know, must guarantee the safety of the principal, by putting up some form of negotiable security. He takes care of the loan, pledging himself by unescapable guarantees, to return it safely at the end of a certain time, and he pays for its use by the amount of labor-power collected under the name of interest. The moral issue is involved in the question as to whether the lender contributes, in such an exchange, any labor-power whatever. Put in this bald fashion it is very clear that he does not, and equally clear that interest is out-

and-out profit, since it is something received for nothing.

Lending money at interest is as little honorable as accepting a fee for a service not rendered. It is true that the apologists for interest have many reasons to offer in its defense. As far as I apprehend these reasons, they all fall into two classes — the one class having to do with the lender and his intricate psychology; and the other class having to do with the borrower and his several states of mind.

First, as to the lender. It is pointed out that he has been at great pains to save up his money, has practiced self-denial on a corresponding scale, and that, the thing once accomplished, he ought by way of reward and encouragement, to be paid every year for his abstinence. It is urged that without this incentive no capital would be saved up to accomplish the great and fruitful work of capital. The answer to this sort of reasoning is very obvious. In the first place, upon some acquaintance with our money-lender, it is neither ungracious nor unreasonable to suspect that his hoard is not the result of any self-denial. Those who really pile up money through a genuine process of saving generally accomplish the feat by

saving off of other people, by omitting the gracious acts of daily life, and declining the full life of neighborly fellowship, — not a process surely that any sane person would wish to reward or encourage. But very little money, in America at least, is got together in this way by actual saving. By far the greater part of it is the result of exploiting labor, and of all sorts of doubtful speculation.

It is really very difficult to arouse any admiration or enthusiasm for the processes by which the money-lender got his funds together. But putting all such scruples aside, it is obvious that the natural and altogether adequate reward of getting a sum of money together is the delightful opportunity of spending it for some useful or beautiful object. Such a reward is ample and wholesome, and offers stimulus enough for accumulation. The added incentive of interest has nothing humanly to commend it. It is an altogether specious argument to urge in defense of interest that without such an incentive we would never attain our present large aggregations of capital, unless you show at the same time that these aggregations of capital are clearly desirable. But no one has ever been able to do this, for such aggregations of capital in private hands are a menace to the general welfare, and

not at all a thing to be desired. Men save up now to buy a home, or to send their boy to college, or to provide their family with a piano, or a motor-car or a gasoline launch. They may be trusted to save up enough to provide themselves with tools and apparatus to make their own daily labor efficient.

In further defense of the money-lender and his divine right to interest, it is pointed out as something quite axiomatic that had he not loaned his money, he could have used it himself, and so reaped an advantage equal to or even greater than the interest amounts to. He must be paid for foregoing this advantage. The only objection to this argument is that it is not true. A man can personally employ only a very small amount of capital to any advantage. If he possessed any considerable amount and it depended upon him to use it effectively, the greater portion would necessarily remain idle, and might even deteriorate on his hands. What the apologists of interest really mean is that our money-lender, instead of exploiting this particular money-borrower, might have exploited somebody else, or might with more trouble and risk have bought land or machinery, and so gained his profit in another form, as rent or dividends. But that is a very different thing from using his capital *him-*

self to advantage. All that this argument amounts to is that if you do not appropriate a certain man's labor-power through interest, you are at liberty to appropriate another man's, or to appropriate labor-power through rent or dividends,—therefore you are entitled to interest.

Secondly, as to the borrower. It is true that he only borrows money because he believes it to be to his advantage to borrow money. Men can only do what they want to do. But then a man does many other things which he believes to be to his advantage and does not think of paying for the privilege, unless it has cost some one else labor-power, and the labor-power is destroyed in the using. Money has cost the lender labor-power to accumulate; but since the borrower agrees to return this labor-power intact at a certain time, it is hard to see why the obligation is not mutual. Moreover, the scarcity of money is not due to any necessity but merely to legislative clumsiness. Since the borrower, in order to borrow, must be possessed of collateral of equal or even greater value, it would be just as sound and reasonable to issue money to the amount of this value, as it is for the Federal Government to issue greenbacks to an amount somewhat greater than the value of the gold specie

stored in the vaults of the Treasury, or for the national banks to issue bank-notes against less assured values.

The idea that money must have intrinsic value, or must represent intrinsic value of just one sort, is a relic of barbarism, of our old bartering days. In reality, the more intrinsically valueless our actual money is, the more perfectly it fulfills its legitimate function as a medium of exchange. It is only a token that the exchange is not yet complete. A promissory note with good credit back of it, is the most perfect type of money. A man gets commodities and gives his note in exchange. When the proper time comes, he gives commodities, and receives his note in return. The note may then be destroyed, for it has served its purpose. It is quite the same with a sound money. The advantage of money over the promissory note is that the credit is known on all sides to be good, and that the money-note may be used to facilitate any number of exchanges, may go on serving indeed until it is too untidy or too mutilated. But why one should pay for the use of such a medium of exchange, for the use of something it practically cost no labor-power to produce, and which therefore can suffer no loss of labor-power in the using, is best

known to those who profit by the rental of money, —the money-lenders, bankers, and other usurers of the nation.

Neither does the consideration that if one borrower will not pay interest for the use of money, another borrower will, that the current rate of interest is indeed determined by the bidding of borrowers against borrowers, affect in any way the social and moral issues involved. This is merely playing off one man's needs against another man's needs, and is altogether contrary to the spirit of both democracy and brotherhood.

Interest, like rent, does not belong to the eternal order of things. It is purely the creation of law, and law, as we all know, is the creation of the mingled ignorance and knavery and wisdom of the race. It is not necessary to enact laws against usury. If the currency question were handled in a modern, scientific way by the people, through government; if money, that is to say, were recognized as a mere instrument of exchange and were supplied in adequate quantities to meet the needs of current trade, usury would disappear of itself, for no one would pay interest for the temporary use of something which he could have without paying for it.

There is no justification for interest, looked at from either the point of view of the lender or the point of view of the borrower. It is a mere evil device by which labor-power is appropriated on the part of the money-lender, without rendering any equivalent return or service. Money-lending has always been a favorite mode of living without working. It is not quite so socially respectable as living off of rents, but in the anonymousness and hurly-burly of modern life, these nice distinctions are rapidly being lost sight of, and even pawnbroking, I understand, if conducted on a sufficiently large scale, and chiefly by deputy, creates no serious social obstacles. Interest can more readily elude the tax-gatherer than can rent, and it involves no troublesome question of tenants and repairs. With a proper eye to the soundness of the collateral, interest is all clear profit, and calls for no nice balancing of accounts. On the one side of the exchange, there is the giving up of a previously agreed upon amount of labor-power; on the other side of the exchange, there is no loss of labor-power. It is amazingly easy to strike a balance. It is all clear Profit.

The term *dividend* suggests corporations and joint-stock companies and the securities tucked

away in one's safe-box. It is seldom used to denote the profits of any individual or unincorporated partnership. Men are more apt to speak of their individual profits, since the dividend and the profits exactly coincide. Corporations earn profits, and pay dividends. These do not commonly coincide. Either one may exceed the other, — profits, in good years, when a reserve fund is stored away; dividends, in lean years, when the reserve fund is called upon. The term Profit is broader and more inclusive than those particular profits which arise from exploiting labor-power in our current industries. It may not be quite so convenient to speak of these particular profits as dividends, but it will, I think, add much to the clearness of our discussion, especially as the profit in many industries represents the three forms of profit, — rent, interest, and dividend. A farmer who owns his own farm and stock and agricultural machinery, and employs men to do the actual farm-work, is in precisely this situation. His yearly profit represents the rent of his farm, interest on the cash value of his equipment, and a dividend appropriated from the labor-power employed. The fact that the rent and the interest and the dividend all go to the same man must not blind us to the fact that his total

profit has this triple source. A failure to mark this distinction is, I think, responsible for much of the current confusion.

It is, of course, conceivable that an individual or a company, with unusually good credit, might conduct an industry without either land or capital. They might rent land, and might borrow the capital with which to erect buildings and install machinery. Rent and interest would then figure as expense, and any profit remaining would be solely appropriated labor-power. But in general our industries are more complicated than this. It seldom happens, however, that the company, even if very large and very rich, owns everything. Nearly always there is some outstanding indebtedness in the way of interest-bearing notes.

Using the term as so defined, a dividend is a profit on labor-power. It differs from rent and interest, since the operation involves an exchange in which there are positive quantities on both sides. On the one side is the labor-power put into the industrial product. This includes the wages of superintendence and all other legitimate expenses. On the other side of the exchange is the amount of labor-power received in payment for the pro-

duct. The difference, that is the labor-power got out minus the labor-power put in, represents profit. If the labor-powers chance to be equal in amount, there is neither profit nor loss. If the labor-power put in is greater than the labor-power got out, then the net result is a loss.

A dividend, like every other form of profit, is what you get for nothing; in any given exchange, it is the amount you cheat your neighbor. The exact nature of the dividend is not quite so apparent as the exact nature of rent and interest, since the arithmetic of the dividend is a trifle less simple. In rent and interest it is all clear profit. In the dividend, the profit is, in the end, just as clear; but it is a difference between what you put in and what you get out. It is the result of an actual exchange of labor-power, and the profit of the exchange, that is to say, the dividend in the hands of the one who makes the exchange, is the amount of labor-power appropriated by him. The transaction is precisely similar to that dishonorable form of foreign trade in which less labor-power is given, and more labor-power is taken, except that in the case of home industries, the persons disadvantaged in the exchange are our own brothers and sisters, while in foreign trade,

the persons disadvantaged are aliens, and perhaps barbarians or savages.

The appropriation of labor-power in the dividend is as unjustifiable as in rent and interest. Those who so regard it commonly say that the producer of commodities has been robbed, and that the natural wage of labor is the whole product of labor. But one might as properly say that the consumer of commodities has been robbed, since he is entitled to receive them at cost, — labor-power for equal labor-power. In reality the operation is triangular, — producer, profit-taker and consumer. As producers are necessarily consumers, and since among the working classes consumers are obliged first to be producers, it matters nothing whether we say that producer or consumer has been wronged. Each workman figures in both lists. The point is that between the producer and consumer, the profit-taker has stepped in and has appropriated labor-power to which he can show no valid claim. His profit, as dividend, stands for no service rendered. It is customary to confuse the issue by declaring his profit to be his somewhat high wages for managing the enterprise. But the wages of superintendence have already figured in the legitimate expense account, and I

see no reason for allowing them to appear in the accounts twice. This is even less excusable at the present time, since our great manufacturing industries are increasingly in the hands of hired labor, from the manager down; and those who own the industry seldom or never visit it.

With proper management the dividend may be almost as high as you like. In our smaller and unorganized industries, where competition is allowed to prevail, the dividends are reduced accordingly. But in well-organized industries, where there is either a "gentlemen's agreement" among the profit-takers, or else an acknowledged trust, the dividend becomes a source of profit of astonishing dimensions. It quite overshadows rent and interest. It is the source of nearly all the great fortunes in America. The law limits the rate of interest; many circumstances combine to keep rents within certain bounds; but so far no instrument has been devised to curb the dividend. In the amount of labor-power appropriated without equivalent, the dividend is quite the greatest sinner of them all. Where rent and interest gather their hundreds, the dividend gathers its thousands. The dividend rejoices the heart of the profit-taker. In prosperous years, he cannot easily spend it all,

and so he sends out the greater part of it to bring in more profit in the shape of rent and interest and dividend.

This process has been kept up since the close of the Civil War, for nearly half a century. It is no wonder that the rich have grown richer and the poor still poorer, or that to-day one per cent of our ninety-odd million persons own more than half of America. The dividend, by which these highly undesirable results have been so easily and so quickly brought about, is an instrument of large dishonesty. One is not apt to look a gift-horse in the mouth. Those who profit by the dividend are all too prone to regard it as a modern Aladdin's Lamp which they have but to rub in order to have every want most magnificently supplied. It cannot be that they realize the true nature of these huge dividends; that they are the appropriations, on the most extensive scale ever yet attempted, of the labor-power of men and women and children,— labor-power for which no equivalent has been paid,— and that socially and humanly and religiously speaking this wholesale appropriation is less justifiable than the petty theft for which the hard-pressed, ignorant vagrant is sent to jail. They cannot realize all this, these

rich, powerful, fortunate persons, or surely they would join with us in suppressing all profit,— rent, interest and dividend, — as unjustifiable and high-handed appropriations of labor-power, which ought properly to be described as Theft.

Rent and interest are the creations of law, defended by law, and in a way, limited by law. Land and money are comparatively tangible things, and so the profit on them, — rent and interest, — can be got at with some degree of accuracy. The land and money have no value without labor-power. This is the essential ingredient in all profit-making schemes. In the last analysis, rent and interest must be expressed in terms of labor-power. It is, then, entirely accurate and justifiable to speak of all profit-taking as the exploiting of labor-power. It is equally accurate and justifiable to speak of profit-takers as exploiters, since their activities, however varied, all consist in appropriating labor-power, to which they have no valid and defensible claim.

But labor-power is a much more subtle element than either land or money. It is easy to lump them all together — a group of laborers, a bit of land, a stock of tools, — and to say that in the hands of the exploiter, the first yields dividends, the second, rent, and the third, interest; that collectively they

yield Profit, and so make Industry worth while. It is easy to forget that the group of laborers whom you have picked up anywhere, is really the vital and energizing element. It is easy to think of the land and machinery as the prolific sources of Profit, and to indulge the comfortable conclusion that in paying wages and pocketing dividends you are dividing up with labor-power, after a fashion at once equitable and generous. It is even possible to grow excessively complacent over the division and to look upon one's self as a genuine benefactor to have yielded any wages to labor-power, instead of appropriating the whole product one's self. The amiable old dowager who sends such liberal cheques for the conversion of the heathen, and feels mildly sorry for the poor people at home, must reason after some such fashion.

The very first thing that one must do in making Profit unacceptable to all right-thinking persons, is to prove to them beyond peradventure just this one truth — that Profit, whatever its form and apparent source, is always one thing — appropriated labor-power for which no just return has been made. In a word, that Profit, morally speaking, is Theft and is therefore an impossible source of income for honest persons.

All religious teachers, Jesus included, have had much to say about the poor. They have pitied them, associated with them, praised them. Lazarus and a certain rich man; the camel and the eye of a needle; the rich young man who went away sorrowing, — are all types of parables and stories which have many duplicates. Most religious orders have, like St. Francis of Assisi, espoused poverty; and when they have grown rich they have grown degenerate. Just to be poor, however, is not necessarily to be righteous. Some — and especially those who have tried desperately hard to get rich and have failed — are prone to make the fact of poverty a saving virtue. The grace is in a condition which may grow out of the fact. The poor man may have many faults, — he is not always an agreeable companion, — but he preserves a certain open-heartedness. He is at least innocent of wrong-doing the greater part of the time. The poor profit-taker is not even innocent when he sleeps, — not even when he prays. He has wronged his brother, he is wronging him every moment of the twenty-four hours. It is useless for him to pray. He must first leave his gift before the altar, and seek out his brother, and make amends to his brother.

It is just because labor-power is a more subtle

element in Industry than is either land or money, that the dividend is a more elusive element in Profit than is either rent or interest. It is too elusive and indeterminate to be readily amenable to law. It is not the creation of law. It is rather the outgrowth of custom. The law has tried to regulate the dividend, but so far without great success. It remains elusive, indeterminate, enormous.

XXVI

THE PROFIT-TAKER AND THE WORKING-MAN

I CANNOT help feeling that in this very simple analysis of Profit we have reached the truth. Profit masquerades as rent, as interest, as dividend. It masquerades as any and every combination of these forms. But always, it is one and the same thing — appropriated labor-power.

Knowing the truth about Profit, it will not be an impossible task to eliminate it, for the method is already at hand. And that method depends upon two things, both of the first importance. It depends upon the fact that, land and equipment being given, the vital and essential element in all Industry is labor-power. And it depends upon the no less important fact that, unlike land and equipment, labor-power is conscious, and therefore capable of volition and movement. These are simple, undeniable facts, but rightly handled, they are capable of destroying Profit utterly and inaugurating an Industry-for-Use which will go hand in hand with a rational Education.

The first step in the right handling of these

pregnant facts is to make labor-power self-conscious, and to point out to all profit-takers the true significance of Profit. Industrial reformers have been for years trying to bring about the class-consciousness of the workers, and their effort has had a certain value and has met with some degree of success. I have no word of disparagement to say. But I think that we have now a more practical and timely method. Since the ideal society for which we are all striving is to be devoid of classes and class distinctions of all sorts, and is to be marked by genuine brotherhood, we would better begin by dropping the word *class* altogether.

The profit-taker is not responsible for the present order any more than the working-man is. Both are the victims of it. And both are to be saved. In the new order, both belong to the same class, the only class there is, the class of brotherhood. The work of reform must be without bitterness of any sort — individual bitterness or class bitterness. It has no quarrel with any brother. The further he departs from justice and righteousness, the greater his misfortune, and the greater his need. Any reform movements which left out the profit-taker would be partial and in-

complete; and would fail before it began, for it would deny the spirit of brotherhood.

It will not be difficult to include the profit-takers. There are thousands of them, who, like myself, are painfully conscious of the evils of the present social arrangement and are keen to bring about something better. The best reason is always the moral one, and I would put the greatest emphasis on that, — the spirit of brotherhood; but there are also very practical reasons for including the profit-taker in the work of regeneration. He is already in possession of government, and he will not only not oppose a reform movement which he understands and sympathizes with, but he is in a position to render it positive and material aid. We need his help.

In addition, the very leisure and opportunity bestowed by the old days of privilege have given our profit-taker an experience and an intelligence unavoidably wider than that of the average worker. Those who have in the past most oppressed labor, now have it in their power most to help labor. Many of them are ready to do it, not patronizingly, but in the right spirit. Our very riot of wealth was perhaps needed to show the worthlessness of wealth when acquired at the cost

of brotherhood. Our wealth, even our material wealth, under a reign of brotherhood, will, I believe, be far greater than anything we have yet known, but it will come hand in hand with happiness, for it will be shared by all. Profit and Poverty always travel together, and no sensitive, compassionate man can be quite happy in a world so disfigured by Poverty as our present world is. There is every reason to believe that there are thousands of profit-takers who would wholeheartedly join any movement to abolish their own privileges and bring in a new and better social order if they could be shown that the proposed method was practical.

Not only is the effort to make the laborer class-conscious apt to engender feelings quite opposite to those of brotherhood, but even when aroused, the class-consciousness, as a working force, has less practical value, I believe, than the consciousness of the self as voluntary, sentient, movable labor-power. Social returns must, of course, be summed up in group returns, but the actual, practical work of social redemption must be carried out individually. Like spiritual redemption, it is a house-to-house campaign. In class-consciousness, there is something rather vague and general. A man who

works ten or twelve hours a day is not apt to forget that he belongs to the working class, but as a motive power, such a consciousness has little working force. By contrast, it brings to mind other classes, and not only suggests the wrongs of his own class, but creates a somewhat indefinite and formless expectation that his own class is going to do great things. Instead of being a call to action, it has a tendency, I think, to act as a comforting sedative, and to lead our working-man, already worn out with the day's toil, to rest in the expectation of an impending class rescue.

When men and women recite every Sunday in unison, as they do in that dignified and beautiful church in which I was brought up, "We have done the things that we ought not to have done, and have left undone the things that we ought to have done," salvation still stands outside the door of the heart. She has her hand on the knob, when a man says, "*I* have done . . . *I* have left undone." The company is so excellent, that a man may belong to the class of sinners without being either repentant or uncomfortable. But it is the consciousness of being *a* sinner that forces him to be up and doing. Psychologically this happens

to a profit-taker, so I feel reasonably sure that it happens to a working-man. So long as I keep my own thought on profit-takers as a class, I may grow indignant and even denunciatory, but nothing much happens. It is when I think of myself as a profit-taker, that the real unrest and discomfort come, and I am forced into some sort of action.

For moral and practical reasons it is highly important to enlist the profit-taker himself in the work of eliminating Profit, but it is vastly more important to enlist the working-man, not so much by arousing class-consciousness, as by arousing self-consciousness. This requires no appeal to prejudice, no campaign rhetoric. Facts, clearly stated, carry with them, sooner or later, their own convincing reasonableness. Let a working-man realize that he is the vital and essential element in all Industry; that the broad acres of America and our huge industrial equipment have in themselves no power, without his own energizing touch to feed and clothe and shelter our ninety-odd million persons, or provide them with tools, and apparatus, and conveniences. Let him realize that the land can belong exclusively to no man, or set of men, but must, in the eternal reasonableness of things, be

the common property of all the children of men who happen at any moment to be the guests of earth. Let him realize that our huge industrial equipment was not reared by the hands of those who now profess to own it, but has been reared wholly by appropriated labor-power, by the labor-power of millions of dead working-men, and the labor-power of the millions of working-men still in harness. Let him realize above all that it was his individual labor-power, his own hard-working cunning hands, that helped to fashion this huge equipment. If such a realization can be brought home to our working-man, *as an individual*, his whole attitude toward Industry will be irrevocably changed. Broad acres and giant machinery will no longer be able to impress him with a false sense of their importance and power. In his new-found freedom, he will laugh. He will know broad acres and giant machinery for what they are, the tools and servants of those who actually use them, not of those who say that they own them. He will perceive that it is *he*, the individual human workman, who is important and powerful; that it is *he* who is supremely needful and useful.

Such a realization would be the first step in the

elimination of Profit. Each individual working-man who comes into this realization makes Profit, by just so much, no longer possible. The realization must be individual. Let us always remember this. But such a realization will hardly keep silent. It is natural to tell good news, to want to pass it along to the neighbor. The working-man who has found his own freedom, who has known the laughter of the free spirit, will institute almost in spite of himself a house-to-house campaign, to make such freedom general.

The first step in the elimination of Profit is taken when the individual working-man realizes his true relation to the other elements of Industry, to land and machinery, — realizes that these are secondary and he paramount; that these are the servants, and he the master. It is a great step, and it will show itself in a more erect carriage, in a new light in the eye, in a new sweetness and dignity in the speech, in a new love in the heart.

The second step has to do with the individual working-man's attitude toward himself. The realization of his relation to the other elements of Industry was a great step, but this second step is still greater. It is the significant act of self-discovery, the realization of the individual self as a free, con-

scious being with immense capacity for choice and movement, and bent upon genuine independence. He is still labor-power, — that is man's destiny, — but he, himself, is the owner of the labor-power. He may give it away, if it pleases him, to his wife and children and neighbors, but as he values his manhood, he will not allow his labor-power to be appropriated.

He is only a single workman, and it will be hard work to elude the profit-taker; but each little victory will make a larger one possible; and, as before, he will pass the good news along. The company will grow, and each working-man added to this company means one less working-man consenting to have his labor-power appropriated by Profit.

In every trade, there are two parties. In a fair trade there is no compulsion. In a dishonest trade there is always some pressure. It need not be direct violence. Most frequently it is the pressure of ignorance and want. In modern Industry, the two parties to the trade are labor-power and the profit-taker; and as we have abundantly seen, it is a dishonest, dishonorable trade. Every trade that yields a Profit is dishonest and dishonorable, and could not be otherwise. That is what Profit

means, getting more than you give, — stolen labor-power. But our present point is that both parties must consent to the trade, or it cannot be. If either party declined, the trade would fall through. If both declined, that would be better still. Both the profit-taker and the working-man must speak. And this is what they must say: —

The profit-taker: I decline to appropriate labor-power.

The working-man: I decline to permit my labor-power to be appropriated.

To have both parties to the trade speak out in this clear fashion would be the ideal way of eliminating Profit, but of the two professions of creed, the profit-taker's and the working-man's, it is the second, the working-man's, that is vastly the more important.

XXVII

THE REPENTANT PROFIT-TAKER

ALTHOUGH the working-man's refusal to allow his labor-power to be appropriated is vastly more important, in the elimination of Profit, than the profit-taker's refusal to appropriate labor-power, it is quite worth while to consider both. I propose then to inquire how a profit-taker may practically meet his part in the social redemption.

Let us confess, at the outset, that we need not expect our profit-taker to do anything so apparently quixotic, unless we can show him, quite convincingly, that it is to his personal advantage to do it. Any other expectation on our part would be entirely devoid of practicality since it would assume what we have expressly declined to assume, — that human nature had undergone a sudden, radical and mysterious change, and that the old motives for conduct no longer held.

If men are as lazy as they dare to be, — and this was the gentle Emerson's final verdict, — it would seem at the first blush quite incredible that our profit-taker, just an ordinary lazy man along with

the rest, should voluntarily give up the privilege of having other men work for him, and voluntarily go to work himself. Yet the belief that in the end he will be induced to do just this extraordinary thing rests upon nothing less secure than a knowledge of how human nature has worked in the past. The history of the human race has been a history of violence and outrage and oppression; but following close upon the heels of this dark chapter, there is always that brighter record of how men have laid down unjust privileges, have replaced seizure by restitution, have succeeded license by self-control. Just to become a man, think what the brute has thrown over! Think of the animal appetites he has mastered! Think of the monstrous forms of selfishness he has left behind him! Conscience and love have had a hand in his redemption, but more potent still has been the great power of experience, teaching him, generation after generation, that the law of happiness and the law of righteousness are one and the same thing. Plainly against his will and inclination, experience has forced upon his intelligence the assurance that gluttony and intemperance and unchastity, slothfulness and inattention and dishonesty, violence and outrage and oppression, carry with them their own dire punish-

ment. Sometimes Nature deals with him directly, sometimes through the institutions of human society; but in the long run, or in the short run, he is always dealt with,—what he sows, he reaps. And the man who refuses to learn from experience is simply swept off the stage and forgotten.

The idea of brotherhood is a precious and beautiful sentiment, but if it were a mere sentiment, it would appeal only to persons of an emotional temperament, and its hold, even upon them, would be uncertain. It would be an idle sentiment of a harmful order, if it were not at the same time a substantial, scientific fact. No intelligent man could advocate brotherhood if he did not know that it means self-realization, not self-sacrifice. The idea of brotherhood did not come like a thunderbolt out of a blue sky. It grew out of experience, just as the idea of temperance and chastity and scholarship and justice grew out of experience. Those who have caught the genuine idea of brotherhood do not urge it upon men in order that they may become saints and martyrs, but in order that they may become saints and more prosperous citizens. If brotherhood meant anything else than the good of every man, woman, and child in the whole com-

munity, profit-takers included, it would be a quite meaningless term.

Our typical profit-taker is not emotional. Some profit-takers are, and as a result of their emotion, grasp large profits with one hand, and give away a large proportion of the profits with the other hand, thus robbing a set of people in one part of the world, in order to debauch another set of people in a different part. But the average profit-taker is not emotional. He must be reached by the safer appeal to the intelligence, and he must be reached, not in spite of human nature — an altogether hopeless task — but through it.

It is human nature to want the largest measure of welfare. The profit-taker, grasping so greedily for his profits and so indifferent to their cost, is acting strictly according to human nature, — but it is a human nature only partly evolved, only partly intelligent. He needs more education, more unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit. Then he will see the solidarity of mankind, and will realize, not as a mere sentiment, but as a proven, scientific fact, that one cannot attain any genuine personal welfare in a society whose fabric is essentially rotten. Our profit-taker is learning this fact. He is being disillusioned. He goes

here and there, but the bluebird of happiness still eludes him. If he is intelligent, he sees too late the disastrous effect of wealth upon his own and his neighbor's children. He appeals to poor men, rich in the spirit, to save his grandchildren. If he is intelligent, he gets little pleasure out of his charities. As he grows older, the things that had seemed to him solid grow more and more hollow. If he is at all sensitive, he cannot stir abroad without being offended on all sides by the wanton ugliness of a world given over to Profit, without being shocked at the manifest suffering in most of the faces, without being outraged at all the unneighborliness, and shoddy, and petty graft. If he is the least bit scientific, he is forced to realize that in the disease and misery and uncleanness of the poor, he has a daily menace to the health and life of those he holds dear, and to his own health and life. On every side, he suffers pain and danger and inconvenience from an unevolved populace.

Our profit-taker is learning what the absence of brotherhood means. In America, he sees a Profit more stupendous than in any other quarter of the globe or any other period of historic time, but he also sees a nation which cannot by any

courtesy be called happy. Many have already learned through personal suffering or through observation, what the absence of brotherhood means. Some — an increasing number — are beginning to see in what brotherhood consists: that it is, first of all, just common honesty in not doing another man out of his labor-power; and secondly that it is mutual helpfulness. And our profit-taker is slowly learning that in brotherhood is the only earthly path to safety and happiness and peace.

The first practical thing for a profit-taker, bent upon the elimination of Profit, to do, is to open his eyes to the world as it is, with all its injustice and suffering and hideousness, and then, very soberly and with the scientific data at hand, to picture the world as it might be, if only we were honest about one thing, — labor-power, — about which to-day we are so shockingly dishonest. We would have our profit-taker come to this position, the repudiation of Profit, on his own account, as an unbearable evil, and have him come to the position in a perfectly free and unpersuaded way. Then only can he go to work whole-heartedly to find a way out.

There is a way out for the individual profit-taker, as soon as he has come to the point of gen-

uinely wanting it. It is immediately practical just because it *is* individual. It is to decline Profit. He can readily make an inventory of his belongings, just as his executor would proceed, had it been the death of the body, instead of the more fortunate death of Greed; and he can have the happiness of acting as his own executor. There will be no inheritance tax to outwit and no possible contestants of the will to fight.

If the escaping profit-taker owns land, he may with a free conscience keep just so much of it as he can personally use. If a surplus remains, he may dispose of it in three ways. He may give it away to some person or persons who can make individual use of it, stipulating that it may never be rented or sold, but that when the recipients can no longer use it personally, they must pass it along, under similar conditions, until such time as the State takes over all land. He may make a similar testamentary disposition of such land as he holds for his own use. Or our land-owning profit-taker — if the land be agricultural — may administer it by modern scientific methods, doing all things generously and well, paying himself for his time in just proportion to the other laborers, and then, if any surplus Profit remain, dividing it into two

parts, one part to be shared among all the laborers and one part to be subtracted from the selling price of the product. Or, finally, such land may be handed over to one or more trusty persons, who will administer it generously and well, producing as far as possible what they know will be of benefit to their neighbors, and dividing any surplus, as before, between producer and consumer. In the absence of Profit there will be no disposition to skimp, or give false measure, or lie about the quality. The absence of Profit will also mean the absence of cheating.

I venture to believe that the great personal satisfaction arising from such a course, or something similar, would far outbalance any pleasure derived from the receipt of rent.

Interest may be disposed of in the same way as rent. The money may be given away for actual use, stipulating that it may never be invested; or it may be loaned, without interest, for varying lengths of time, if approaching old age makes it probable that the money will later be needed for actual living expenses.

Stocks and bonds and other dividend-producing investments may be disposed of in many ways, but the most commendable way would seem to me

to keep them, and so keep a voice in the Industry which yields them. By attending the annual meeting and voting persistently for shorter hours, and increased wages, and generous expenditures for safety appliances and for the greater comfort and education of the actual workers; and by standing out always against exorbitant prices for the product, whether it be goods or service, the dividends could be greatly reduced. In the face of the opposition of other share-holders, — presumably unconverted profit-takers, — the dividends could hardly be wiped out, but one's own share could readily be spent for the benefit of those whose labor-power yielded it.

Devoid of rent and interest and dividend, what can our profit-taker do for a living? He can work; and in working, find happiness and peace.

The effect of such a practical refusal to appropriate labor-power could hardly be otherwise than salutary upon the character and spirit of the erstwhile profit-taker. Jesus said to the rich young man: "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me." And the young man went away sorrowing, for he was very rich. Apparently the path was too difficult. But other men have car-

ried out such a plan, and have left a record of their joy. In putting away from him, in this practical way, the possibility of Profit, our one-time profit-taker would not be unique. He would be following a path already proved good.

The effect upon the community would be varied. Many would laugh at our repentant profit-taker and would call him a fool; but I doubt whether a single one among those who laughed would fail to feel himself a greater knave. Others would applaud the act, but would not have quite the courage to imitate it. A few, perhaps only one or two, would go away silently and would dispose of their own possessions in the same or wiser ways. But whatever the onlookers of the moment felt or said or did, the total effect of this one simple, faithful act would be tremendous. It would strike a blow at Profit, and the greed underlying profit, greater than could be struck by any amount of talking. Whatever our economic creed, we all agree in this, that actions speak louder than words.

So far, such an act would be purely individual, and could therefore be inaugurated at once. The great and surpassing advantage of an individual reformation is that it depends wholly upon the in-

dividual and he has the matter all in his own hands. To be sure, he is but one out of many, a mere drop in the bucket, and this consideration deters many a timid soul from venturing upon even smaller and less radical reforms than swearing off from Profit. But if each individual were faithful to his best insight, the nation would soon be transformed.

However, the individual profit-taker, bent upon the elimination of Profit, has plenty of avenues for social action, as well as this one telling avenue for individual purification. Just as he attacked his own personal problem under the three forms of Profit, — rent, interest and dividend, — so he may attack the social problem of Profit under the same three heads.

The first thing is to destroy rent. In America, we assume rent; and are curiously blind to the efforts being made in other countries to curb it, and to secure the unearned increment — the advance in land values — for the good of the whole people. In Germany something substantial has already been done, and England, in the midst of great popular excitement, has recently voted in favor of similar measures. The repentant profit-taker can throw his influence — made vastly

greater by his own sincere act— into the work of officially destroying rent. There are other and more radical ways of doing it, but the most immediate and practical way is through taxation, through what I should call a *Discrimination Tax.* Bearing in mind that the object is the return of the land to the people, and only incidentally the raising of revenue, the levying of a land tax becomes a perfectly simple and definite process. In fact, each householder could with practical accuracy calculate his own tax. If he occupied his house or farm himself, employed no hired help, received no paying guests, or otherwise exploited labor-power, he should pay a minimum land tax. In the same way, a shop or store or other enterprise conducted by the proprietor without hired help should be subject to minimum taxation. But every householder who received a paying guest, every farmer who employed hired help, every factory which was not strictly coöperative, *should be taxed in proportion to the labor-power exploited.* This very simple device places every exploiter of labor-power, whether he be hotel-keeper, shop-keeper, farmer, or manufacturer, at a distinct economic disadvantage, and this whether the exploiter be an individual, a partnership, a company, or a trust. By

a gradual increase in the tax, the exploiter could, without violence or injustice, be driven completely out of business. He could not compete with free labor, — slave-labor never can. In effect, the State would say to him: *Thou shalt not steal labor-power.* It is now against the law to steal goods, but curiously, it is not against the law to steal the source of goods. It is quite as if we said one might not steal gold bullion, but was at perfect liberty to steal all the gold ore that one could lay one's hands on. It would be an exactly parallel case.

The man or corporation which owned real estate of any sort, — land, mines, houses, factories, stores, — which they did not occupy or operate themselves, would, under a Discrimination Tax, be gradually taxed out of ownership, for they would find it altogether unprofitable. Landlords who are absent, and speculators who are present, are the bane of real estate in America. It is not necessary to legislate directly against them. By placing them at a decided economic disadvantage, they will disappear like dew before a hot sun. *It will pay better to be honest.* What we want is to get the land out of the hands of speculators, and out of the hands of the exploiters of labor,

and to place it wholly in the hands of those who will themselves use it. We want each man to have just as much land as he can personally use to advantage. But we do not want him to have a foot of ground with which to exploit the labor of his fellow-man. There is still enough land in America for every man to have all he can personally use to advantage. But there is not enough land in all the continents and islands washed by the seven seas to justify a man in exploiting the labor of one man or one woman or one child.

A Discrimination Tax would, I think, successfully and quickly dispose of the question of rent, for it would bring the land out of the hands of profit-takers, and place it in the hands of the genuine users of land, individuals, and coöperative brotherhoods employing no underlings. Our repentant profit-taker, bent upon the elimination of Profit, could hardly occupy himself to better advantage than in helping to destroy this most fundamental source of Profit, — rent.

In interest, he has a much less redoubtable enemy to master. The destruction of rent would in itself strike a deadly blow at the money-market. Most money is borrowed, not for personal uses, but in order to exploit the labor of others. A man

sees a chance for Profit, and immediately he moves Heaven and earth to get the money for his enterprise. He will pay just as much as he dare, ten per cent, even twelve, for the opportunity to exploit labor. The higher interest he pays, the more labor-power must he appropriate. But remove, or even lessen, the opportunity to appropriate labor-power, and borrowed money has less attraction, — interest shrinks. The eliminator of Profit is glad to have interest shrink, but he will hardly be content to rest here, since his avowed object is to have interest disappear altogether. He can see no justification for interest on any ground whatever, actual or sentimental, but being himself a hard-headed, practical person, he realizes that the logic of events is an unanswerable argument which ought to go hand-in-hand with persuasion. In this case, the way to get rid of interest is to get rid of its source. The practical source of interest is the scarcity of money.

Money is a curious creation, half spiritual and half material. On its spiritual side it is the token of a half-fulfilled business operation, of an exchange in which goods have been delivered, but no equivalent has been as yet received. Money is a receipt for the one and an authorized claim for the other. On its material side, our current money

is a relic of the old barter days. In addition to being a token (its one legitimate function) it is also the representative of some intrinsic value stored elsewhere, — in our case, gold coin or bullion stored in the Treasury vaults at Washington. By insisting upon the material side of money, and especially by limiting the value against which currency may be issued to one particular form of value, — the metal gold, — it is entirely easy to keep money scarce, and to make the rental of money — interest — a necessary source of Profit. That is all that "a sound gold basis for our currency" means, — it means that the people who own the gold can have both their penny and their gingerbread, can keep their gold indefinitely, and yet by renting it out to other persons who have only a legally forced need for it, can go on with equal indefiniteness appropriating the labor-power of others. The eliminator of Profit denies this right *in toto*. By destroying rent, he has done much to prick the bubble of interest, but he must complete his work by destroying the scarcity of money. It is a relic of mediævalism to believe that gold is the only sound basis for money, or to believe indeed that any material basis is needed. The credit of the Federal Government of the

United States of America is an altogether big enough thing to be the basis for an American currency. We trust everything else to this same Government, — our lives, our real estate, our commodities, even the absent gold which is so solemnly stated to be the only sound basis for our currency, — and yet we hesitate and fictionize about soundness and morality when it comes to the question of the currency.

The scarcity of money in America can be appreciated by recalling the last statement of the Treasury, that we have only $34.51 per capita now in circulation.

There is only one way to abolish the scarcity of money and that is the very simple and practical way of making money abundant.

It is the accepted view in Economics that interest is not paid for the use of money, but for the use of capital. As it works out practically, however, what a man borrows is not so much money or direct capital as it is credit. Since wages are paid at the *end* of the day, or the week, or the month, it may properly be said that labor-power, by providing its own subsistence in advance of all payment, is really the great social lender. Day after day, labor-power creates capital both in ad-

vance and in excess of its own wages. If an immediate market could be had for the product, neither money nor capital nor credit would be necessary beyond the advanced subsistence furnished by the laborers themselves. But this is seldom the case. Money must therefore come in to provide an immediate artificial market, and tide over the period until a genuine market can be found. Any currency whatever would serve the purpose provided it were redeemable at par when the genuine sale of the product took place. In agricultural parlance, money is needed "to move the crops." The whole function is to tide over the period between production and consumption. That accomplished, the money might properly be destroyed. There is no justifiable reason why one should pay for the use of such a medium. Economists maintain that the scarcity of money is not a source of interest; but if money is regarded purely as a medium of exchange, it looks very much as if its scarcity were the sole source of interest. But in neither case is interest justified.

After much opposition on the part of those who see in the institution diminishing profit for themselves, we have at last established Postal Banks in America. In one day, these banks could make

money so abundant that interest would shrink to nothing. The least radical way would be the issue of commodity-money. The borrower of money, under our present system, must put up gilt-edged collateral, not only to the full value of his loan, but generally to half again or even twice the value. There is no reason in the world why our borrower should not take his gilt-edged collateral to the Postal Bank, borrow a suitable amount on it, without interest, and pay a nominal fee for the issue of the money, just as he now pays a nominal fee for a money-order. No one would pay interest to a private Shylock for the use of money when he could get it, without interest, from a Postal Bank.

The destruction of rent and interest would, I think, make the problem of the destruction of dividends a negligible one. The Discrimination Tax is in effect a direct tax upon the exploitation of labor-power, and it can easily be made such that the exploitation of labor-power in any form will no longer be profitable, either as rent, interest, or dividend; but if further safeguard is needed, it is already at hand in the minimum wage, the maximum working day, the employer's liability act, and other labor legislation of a humane and advanced sort. All such legislation cuts into Profit,

and that is the one reason why a powerful lobby of profit-takers opposes it. But the eliminator of Profit is not held back by such an outgrown, irreligious motive. He has in labor legislation the last weapon against Profit that he can possibly need.

XXVIII

THE WORKING-MAN'S PART

But after our repentant profit-taker has done his very best, in redeeming his own life from Profit, and in carrying on the most vigorous social crusade in his power against the triple forms of Profit, the great question at issue, — the elimination of Profit, — remains in the hands of the working-men of America. And for an unimpeachable reason, — they constitute the majority. Our repentant profit-taker might accomplish the impossible, that is to say, he might convert all his own class, all the profit-takers, to his new gospel of No-Profit, and yet be powerless to institute a rational Industry-for-Use. The simple legislative action by which the three forms of Profit could be so easily and so graciously destroyed is only possible when the working-men of America give the word. So long as the working-men march up to the polls every autumn, twenty millions of them or more, and vote for the continuation of Profit, Profit will continue to be, even though it drag us all down to the nethermost hells.

It is then vastly more important that the working-man should refuse to allow his labor-power to be appropriated than it is that any one else should refuse to appropriate it. I propose, in this section, to inquire how the individual working-man may practically become an eliminator of Profit. The way out for the working-man, like the way out for our one-time profit-taker, is both individual and social.

Here again, the great advantage of individual action is that it may begin at once. The working-man who sets himself against Profit may begin now. This does not mean that he must resign his job and join the ranks of the unemployed, the tramps, and the vagrants. It means that his attitude toward his job is to suffer a radical change. Hereafter it is to occupy a very secondary place in his thoughts. It is to be taken quite casually, this job which once seemed so overwhelmingly important, and to be counted as a mere temporary expedient, and not at all as a permanent arrangement. His great watchword must be *Self-employment.* Men will only make use of his labor-power if they can make a profit out of it. Since he is resolved that they shall not do this, since he has pledged himself not to permit his labor-power

to be appropriated, it is quite clear that he must be his own employer, that he must employ himself.

One can best appreciate how radical such a change of attitude is, when it is pointed out that our individual working-man now ceases to be a seeker after wages and becomes a shunner of wages. This is a wholly different attitude from that of the man who cherishes his job above almost everything else in the world. He is now to have one big and persistent thought in all his plans and purposes,— self-employment,— and though he may not be able to attain it at once, every move is to be in that direction. In the end he cannot fail to attain it.

The working-man's individual problem is not to fight rent and interest and dividend in the abstract. For the moment, he accepts their existence. His immediate, individual problem is to render rent and interest and dividend inoperative by withdrawing his own labor-power from the field of exploitation. He can elude a small part of rent by determining to own his own home. In many places this is not possible, especially in great cities like New York or Chicago. But in many more places it is quite easily possible, and our working-man bent

upon self-employment will be willing to shift his job until such a spot is found. If he include even a small garden, as well as a house, in his idea of home, he will be still more independent, since his labor-power applied in a well-fertilized and well-cultivated garden will not only yield large returns, but also his own most primal necessity,—food. In addition, he will have the increased personal power which comes from healthful exercise in the open air.

The working-man yields all the interest gathered each year for the rental of money, just as he yields the other forms of Profit, rent of land and dividends, but with interest as such he has little direct concern. He meets it in its most unabashed form when misfortune sends him to the pawn-broker's; he meets it again in a more modest form when he is paying for his house and garden. But interest, the appropriation of his own labor-power, one of the forms of Profit which he is pledged to destroy, comes to him generally in a veiled form. It is involved in the dividend which his employer appropriates, just as the rent of the factory in which he works is involved in the dividend. So the great individual problem of our workman bent upon the elimination of Profit is to slip away as soon as

possible from all employers of labor and become his own employer.

The opportunities for this sort of individual escape are not so limited as is commonly supposed. It may be easier to accept wages and let some exploiter make what he can out of you, rather than to paddle your own canoe; but that is not the state of mind of a working-man fighting Profit. In every community of which I have had any experience there is still plenty of scope for the individual working-man who has any excellent commodity to offer, either individual, unexploited service, or goods fresher and better than the usual careless market affords. Food and clothes and shelter are always wanted, whether the Republican or Democratic party is in power, whether times are hard or prosperous.

In many departments of production the individual workman cannot compete with the large factory. He cannot make a steel rail, or a gallon of kerosene, or a pound of copper, or a yard of cotton cloth, or many of the other staples which require tremendous equipment and expensive machinery. It would be a great foolishness for him to try. But it is becoming apparent on all sides that the advantages of wholesale production, and

the excessive division of labor have been considerably overestimated. In some departments, the pendulum of economic approval has even swung the other way. It has been found that the interest and enthusiasm of the individual proprietor are assets to be reckoned with. When a man works for himself, he develops a talent for attending to details, a talent for taking care, which is so often the difference between success and failure. This is particularly true in the raising of the better grade of food-stuffs. The small farmer may not be able to compete with the bonanza farm in producing corn and wheat and other cereals, but the advantage is all on his side when it comes to fruits and nuts and vegetables and poultry and eggs. The individual producer is near his market, surrounded by it in fact, and in addition to the saving of transportation and commission charges, he can command a better price because of the greater freshness and assured quality. Any village dame can compete with an egg trust; any well-kept dairy with the master of a thousand acres; any well-cared-for local strawberry-bed with the entire early fruit belt. In a word, excellence always has the advantage over mere quantity.

I have traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific,

from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and I know of few or no localities where an individual working-man, fairly equipped and bent upon excellence, would not be welcomed and supported.

It is one of the hardships of travel in America that, in the smaller towns especially, one finds so few decent inns and boarding-houses and restaurants. There are many localities North and South, East and West, where the accommodation is so wretched as to be an actual menace to health.

It is a serious problem in housekeeping, especially for those interested in reform diets, to secure fresh vegetables and fruits and eggs and milk.

There are few householders not in immediate need of several days' service of a competent carpenter or cabinet-maker. Many persons, qualified to design their own furniture, clothes, and other belongings, — so adding a grateful individuality to a world much too uniform, — are deterred from doing so by the impossibility of having their designs carried out.

There are many avenues of individual escape for the working-man bent upon individual escape. Such movements are already in progress. The cry of back-to-the-land in intensive agriculture is meet-

ing with response everywhere. The arts-and-crafts movement in industry is winning a place for the individual hand-worker. On all sides one sees the reassertion of a wholesome and artistic individualism.

But our individual working-man, who refuses to allow his labor-power to be appropriated, is not obliged to turn small farmer or craftsman or innkeeper or village expert, in order to attain self-employment. He may stick at his old trade if he pleases, a trade requiring the joint labor of scores or even hundreds of workers, and through a co-operative organization eliminate the profit-taker. This is not a strictly individual escape, but it is the escape of individuals, and wholly practicable under our present industrial system. The opportunities for starting coöperative enterprises are much larger than a man not looking for them would suppose. In all sections of the country new enterprises of various sorts are wanted, enterprises not beyond the joint savings of fifty or a hundred workmen. And there are plenty of old enterprises needing the rehabilitation of new blood,—idle factories to be had on almost any terms, unworked quarries and mines, uncut forests, large farms thrown on the market through mismanagement

and foreclosure; in a word, many white elephants which might, under the energizing touch of coöperative labor, be turned into something less ungainly and more useful. And everywhere, in both the older and newer sections of the country, there are concerns just on the verge of bankruptcy which could be put on their feet through the more faithful and painstaking work of coöperative labor.

It is true that the history of coöperative enterprises in America has not been wholly encouraging. But so far, I believe, they have never come into the field as eliminators of Profit, but always as rival appropriators of Profit. They have been new at the game, and they have often been beaten, in many cases deservedly beaten; for they have poisoned their whole enterprise by becoming themselves exploiters of labor, — they have limited coöperation to the original group, and have employed an additional group as wage-slaves. And this is quite as undemocratic as anything our wicked profit-taker is up to. The coöperative enterprises have failed for many reasons, — sometimes it is lack of business skill, sometimes a failure to understand the market, sometimes an inability to adapt their product to these needs; but the most fertile source of failure has always

been in the character-faults of the coöperators. Genuine coöperation requires a certain subordination of the self, a certain high impersonality which few of us are capable of. Personal egotism wrecks more coöperative enterprises than do the real difficulties of the adventure. Industry cannot be conducted by a debating society, and especially an acrimonious and stubborn debating society.

One reason for believing that an individual working-man, bent upon the elimination of Profit, might be a successful coöperator, is that he would be fighting for the triumph of a great principle, as well as for his daily bread. And the mere fact that he had come to repudiate Profit for himself as well as for society, would indicate a notable degree of self-mastery and stamp him as a superior person. He would, at least, deserve to succeed. Coöperative enterprises which appropriate the labor-power of a portion of their laboring force, deserve to fail.

In the face of our present gigantic industries, and the army of the unemployed only too eager to be absorbed into these industries, the opposition of an individual working-man may seem a very feeble thing on which to build any hope for the future. But it is in individual hearts that all great world-

movements have begun. A multitude of men, possessed of a small idea, remain insignificant, in spite of their numbers. One man who has hold of a great big idea, at once looms large. Our individual working-man, bent upon the elimination of Profit, has hold of a great big idea and cannot fail of effect. Other men will come to share his idea, and will in turn form new centres of influence. When we have a growing and considerable body of working-men resolved not to allow their labor-power to be appropriated, the doom of our present Industry-for-Profit has been definitely sounded. It is only the consent of the working class which now makes such an industry possible.

Like the repentant profit-taker, our working-man bent upon the elimination of Profit may work socially for his cause, as well as individually. The field of social, combined effort is much the larger of the two, but the success of our working-man in this field will largely depend, I think, upon the fidelity with which he has individually declined to be exploited. Just as soon as this idea becomes a fixed idea, our working-man is ready not only to coöperate with the one-time profit-taker, but to make practical suggestions of great value

born of his own immediate experience in an Industry-for-Profit.

The crusade is still a triple one, a crusade against rent and interest and dividend. As an individual, our working-man's watchword was *Self-employment;* as a social worker, his watchword is the same as that of the repentant profit-taker: *No-Profit.*

In resolving to own his own house and garden, the working-man destroys one source of rent; but the greater rent, his quota of which he has to pay every time he receives a day's wages, every time he buys a loaf of bread or a pair of overalls, every time he calls in a physician — this greater rent still remains.

The typical income of a working-man is about $550, and he spends it somewhat as follows: —

Rent	$84.	or	15.20 per cent
Fuel and Light	35.		6.53
Clothing	72.		13.05
Food	260.		47.38
Sundries	99.		17.84
	$550.		100.00

If he himself pays 15 per cent of his income for rent, it is safe to assume that at least 15 per cent of his other expenditures must go as rent in the hands of those who supply his wants. This adds

12.75 per cent to his own rent budget, making a total of 27.75 per cent of his meagre $550 — nearly one third — paid out each year to a landlord who has no moral claim upon his labor-power, and who exercises a legal claim only because the law allows it. A just law would disallow it, because it would recognize in all rent an appropriated labor-power. It is much more important for a working-man to throw his energy into correcting this abuse, and save 27.75 per cent of his poor little income, than it is for him to go on strike and suffer innumerable hardships on the bare chance of gaining 5 or 10 per cent increase in wages.

The land belongs, by every moral and reasonable consideration, to all those persons who happen at the moment to be the guests of earth. The first and fundamental fight of every practical eliminator of Profit is to regain the land for the people. This means public ownership of all land, — in a word, the nationalization of land. It may seem a gigantic task, a well-nigh impossible task, to wrest land from the strongly-intrenched, powerful persons who say that they own the land by some sacred but not explainable right; and to restore the land to its rightful owners, all the guests of earth. But it can be accomplished si-

lently and peacefully just as soon as these guests, — mostly working people — press their claim through the ballot.

There are many practical devices by which the land may be restored to the people. One of these devices is the Discrimination Tax mentioned in the last section. It is only a suggestion, and may be of greatest value, if it suggest some other plan still wiser. Another practical device would be to make the State the heir of all landed property. Another device is the Single-tax proposed by Mr. Henry George. But the important thing is not to attach one's self dogmatically to any one device, but to recognize in rent the theft of labor-power, and to set about destroying it. The very best practical device would doubtless be reached through the work of a properly qualified commission, sworn to but one thing,— the total abolition of rent. Even such a device would have to be put into operation tentatively, and revised from time to time, with great patience and good-nature, until it finally performed its office.

The destruction of interest is a much easier task than the destruction of rent, partly because there is already a vague religious sentiment against usury, and partly because the amount of money,

unlike the amount of land, is not fixed. The sentiment against usury is growing. The line is not yet drawn between usury and no usury, but between what is called extortion and a reasonable interest. The polite world, in spite of its hunger for Profit, scorns the man who exacts too high a rate of interest. In our older communities, ten and twelve per cent are no longer taken openly. If taken at all, they are taken in secret. Even eight per cent is on the margin of respectability. There is a well-developed feeling that when the rate is too high, the lender quite deserves to lose his principal; and if he does, he gets scant sympathy. Two to four per cent is considered very genteel indeed; and among friends, it is increasingly the custom to make loans without interest. These are generally for small amounts and short time, but they express a growing distaste for usury and have a social value out of proportion to their financial dimensions. For many years the State has stood between the lender and the borrower, and in the legal rate of interest has expressed its own idea of decency. Still more recently, municipal pawn-shops have come to the rescue of the very poor. It would not be a far cry to the abolition of all interest. This might be done by direct legislation or by less

direct methods. One way would be to have the Postal Banks receive money on deposit without interest, and loan it on proper security, without interest. An equally practicable method would be to destroy the rental value of money, by destroying its scarcity. Remembering that the true function of money is solely as an instrument of exchange; and that the ideal money escapes all the element of barter and consequent fluctuation in value, by being itself devoid of all intrinsic value, it is very easy to see that the gold standard of our present currency, instead of being the only sound basis, is in reality a very unsound basis indeed. The gold myth once disposed of, it is entirely easy to reform our currency, and by some such device as a commodity-currency effectively to dispose of interest by making money so available and so abundant that it will lose its rental value, that is to say, its power to appropriate labor-power.

The one seemingly valid argument against the dethronement of gold, and its return to the useful metals in the arts, has always been the argument of foreign trade. In the absence of any very well established international comity, it has been assumed that the only safe method of exchange is

through the primitive barter of gold. Although the best gold argument there is, it is in reality not a valid argument. But one need not take the trouble to puncture it, since under a No-Profit policy in our industries, it suffers a double eclipse. In the first place, nearly all our modern wars are commercial, waged either in pursuit of a foreign market for our home surplus, or in defense of some free-booting individuals who have got into trouble in Mexico, or Central America, or some other quarter of the globe, where they have been pursuing Profit, rough-shod and on horseback. But with the abolition of this sort of thing, that is to say, with the death of Profit, there will result an international amity so well established that it will not require the crude guarantee of a gold barter.

And in the second place, in honorable foreign trade, there is no Profit that need be expressed in gold. There may be, in such a trade, immense advantage on both sides, but there will be no Profit. It is a fair exchange, value given for value received, and there is no margin to occupy Customs Houses and Bankers and Brokers, — no fund out of which to support those squanderers of labor-power, an army and a navy. In an honorable for-

eign trade there is no more need of gold than there is in the local business of a day.

The third form of Profit — dividend — is the form with which the working-man is most immediately concerned, since it is the direct appropriation of his labor-power. Dividend, however, is so intimately involved with the other forms of Profit, — rent and interest, — that it would, as we have said, disappear like dew in a hot sun, if rent and interest were once eliminated. Yet the warfare against dividend may properly go on, *pari passu*, with the warfare against rent and interest. The working-man who has declared against the dividend, by withdrawing his own labor-power from the field of possible exploitation, has dealt the death-blow to all forms of Profit, but he must follow it up by inducing other working-men to take the same stand. It is not a stand for higher wages, but the much more radical and significant stand for no wages at all. And he must follow it up by joining with these other awakened working-men, and with our repentant profit-taker in such legislative action as will provide intelligently for self-employment, and prevent the disaster of extensive non-employment. Coöperation could accomplish much, and might, in conjunction with a Discrim-

ination Tax, accomplish all that we are after, — the destruction of dividend. But a broader policy would be to try out several methods and so have the great advantage of a practical comparison.

One obvious method would be the establishment of State industries operated without Profit. Through sanitary conditions, short working hours, and generous wages, the State could easily establish a standard which no private profit-taker could come up to without giving over all Profit. His establishment would then either become coöperative, or go out of business. To make the remedy complete, it is of course necessary that the State should offer employment to all applicants, and provide against the immense efficiency of modern machinery and the consequent danger of over-production by a constantly decreasing working-day, — 8 hours, 6 hours, 4 hours, 2 hours if practicable. The standard set by the State would be obligatory for all private employers of labor, not by legal enactment, but by obvious necessity. No intelligent working-man would submit to less favorable conditions in a private establishment, when he could for the asking obtain a place in the State Industry.

By the elimination of the industrially unfit —

young persons under twenty, old persons over fifty, married women with young children, sick people and cripples — the pressure upon the industrial ranks would be still further reduced. In eliminating the industrially unfit an intelligent State does not throw them upon either public charity or family caprice. It remembers that the young people, with proper preparation, will be supremely fit for the best sort of Industry. It remembers that the old people have borne the heat and burden of the long day of toil and have already done their share. It remembers that the most elementary chivalry would excuse mothers and sick people and cripples from industrial toil. The resources of a modern State are commonly spent upon army and navy and the other very expensive defenses of Profit. With Profit dead, this disengaged revenue would be quite adequate to supply suitable pensions to all school children up to twenty years of age; to all young persons who elect college or technical school for four years longer; to all mothers and invalids and cripples; to all persons over fifty, or, if college graduates, over fifty-four. Such a pension scheme would not be a charity. It would be the scientific recognition of human needs and rights. It would mean self-respect and independence for all. From each worker

it would demand thirty years of honest toil, from twenty to fifty, or from twenty-four to fifty-four, as he might elect. But it would be toil devoid of the hideous pressure of the profit-taker. It would be a toil in which the division of labor was just as nice and effective as at present, but carried out, not in terms of things, but in terms of persons; a division of labor, not between individuals, but a sane division between the passing years in the life of the same individual. We would have the rough, hard tasks of society performed by the young and strong, the beautiful athletes who glory in their strength and who, with youth and love in their hearts, can sing at their work whatever the work may be. And gentler tasks would fall to older persons. But for all, it would be a diminishing toil, limited to the needful and important things of life, and each year made more efficient through the advance in science and invention.

I have allowed myself to sketch a scheme of things which is in no sense utopian. It might easily be realized, if the working-men of America wished it to be. But it is offered merely as a suggestion. Here again, one would not wish to be a doctrinaire. A suitably qualified commission, bent upon the elimination of dividends, and the inaugur-

ation of a rational Industry-for-Use, could hardly fail to do better than any solitary thinker can do, however earnest and enthusiastic. But such a commission, in addition to its intelligence and its large knowledge of affairs, would have to keep always in mind the major issue of all — the unequivocal elimination of all Profit.

XXIX

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

PROUDHON is the author of that famous saying: *Property is Theft.* He was quite right in believing that society is suffering from some gigantic wrong, some gigantic theft, which leaves so many persons disinherited and miserable. But he was wrong in hitting upon property. It is not property which is theft. It is Profit which is Theft. Profit is the getting of something for nothing, the out-and-out appropriation of another man's labor-power. As such, it is as much condemned by the Decalogue, by that express command, *Thou shalt not steal*, as any other form of theft. In reality, Profit is a worse form of theft, for it is continuous, indeterminate. It goes on day after day, year after year. It robs the man himself; it robs his family; it impoverishes the children who come after him; it lowers the morality and taste of every nation which practices it. An ordinary theft is a sudden, perhaps impulsive, act, determinate in amount. The thief may repent; the stolen property may be recovered.

It is not property which is theft. On the contrary, the most scrupulously honest of social philosophers would wish that all might have a generous individual portion of property, and especially that half of our people who now have practically nothing. He would wish them to have all that they could personally use to advantage, — the most commodious house the family could personally care for; all the furniture and tools and apparatus they could profitably use; all needed light and fuel; all the clothing that taste and climate made suitable; all the food that a wholesome appetite could wholesomely dispose of. He would have every man, woman, and child rich individually, and secure and undisturbed in the possession and enjoyment of his property. He is not bent upon any scheme for the dividing up of property, or the doing away of property. His purpose is the very reverse. He is bent upon multiplying property a hundred fold if need be, until everyone has enough.

But where our social philosopher does draw the line, and draws it with austerity, is against any form of property, — land or tools, — which may be used to exploit another man's labor-power, to rob him through the institution of Profit.

The throwing over of Profit for good and all, would mean such radical changes in social life that they would at first be fairly bewildering; but they would all be for the better. What would change would be our morality, for morality grows out of our economic condition. If our daily industrial life were characterized by brotherhood, by a concern for persons, our daily social intercourse would be characterized by the same divine brotherhood. In the absence of privilege, we would have the absence of social classes, a genuine democracy. The family life would be immensely purified. We would have no more of those shameful marriages which are little better than prostitution,—those marriages in which beautiful girls sell themselves to rich suitors, however odious or profligate they may be. Young people would marry from love, and in such holy marriage, strong and beautiful children would be born. There would be no economic sterility. The number of children would be according to the instructed desires of the parents, and not in accord with their economic fears, for there would be enough food for each new mouth; for each new body enough clothing, enough shelter; and when the proper time came, for each new pair of strong, skillful hands, there would be enough work.

What would characterize such a society would be the splendid absence of fear. The present would be secure and the future would be secure. Men and women could really live now and not be hovering on the edge of life. With one's own comfort assured, and that of the wife and children and the gentle old parents, and with the future secure for all, there would be no possible motive for saving. Men and women would spend their income generously and wisely for the present, for the enrichment of to-day, and would spend their children's pension in the same wise contemporaneous fashion. Happily there would be neither need nor motive for individual saving. The savings could not be invested, for no investments could be found in a land which had thrown over rent and interest and dividend.

It is undesirable to have the individual save. It is highly desirable that he spend his entire income on the things that make a man permanently richer, that make him stronger and more beautiful, and more accomplished and better. We are accustomed to consider saving as a virtue, and to inculcate it in our young people through all sorts of prudential maxims and devices. There are people who talk quite solemnly about starting

a bank account, as if it were the beginning of a better life, almost in the same category with one's first communion. But in reality saving is not a virtue. It is a defect, the twin brother of meanness. It is only a virtue in an excessively ill-regulated industrial order, where, if the wolf is not at the door to-day, he probably will be to-morrow, and surely will be in the years soon to come. One might almost say that the merit in individual saving is a direct measure of the industrial disorder and anarchy.

The proper one to do the saving is the State, not the individual. And the thing to be saved and augmented is not money, but the needful and important equipment of the nation, — schools, colleges, churches, libraries, museums, theatres, opera houses, parks, playgrounds, industrial establishments, good roads, ready transportation, ready communication, experiment stations, and laboratories, — in a word the thousand and one elements that go to make up an efficient social equipment. So, in reality, even the State, to save wisely must spend wisely, that is to say, must save useful and beautiful things rather than useless gold coin and bullion. One might sum it all up by pointing out that in a well-regulated society

neither the State nor the individual needs or desires endowment. Both would spend everything, up to the last penny, for something that could be used.

In such a society there would be manifold occasions for kindness, but no occasion for charity. Where all, through the most elementary good management, had enough, there would happily be no need of alms, no field for those wretched eleemosynary activities which now proclaim our social failure. Our amiable old dowagers, who feel in layers and think in spots, whose delight it is to squeeze profits out of overworked men and women and children, and then give part of these profits to some worthy cause, will find their occupation gone, and will doubtless be bewildered for a time. So will the philanthropic old gentlemen who have taken a pleased part in the same amazing game. Nor must we be too much surprised if both dowagers and old gentlemen find it a shockingly irreligious world in which there are no more poor people to patronize and debauch. We are all of us the creatures of habit.

There are few, if any, who would not welcome a social order in which fear and mercenary marriage, and the hoarding up of money and ill-ad-

vised charities, and the many other social abuses which we have already traced directly to Profit, could be once for all eliminated and the whole of society placed upon a decent, self-respecting basis. But the obstacle in the way of their acceptance of a No-Profit scheme of life, — that is to say, of an honest scheme of life — is the fear that without the incentive of Profit, the grim work of production would falter, even halt, and we would lack the wherewithal to carry out our enlightened social programme. There are three answers to this objection, any one of which is amply convincing.

In the first place, we have already in operation a number of successful business enterprises which are conducted without any hope or desire of Profit. The Post-Office is a very striking example, since it is one of the largest business enterprises in the world. In America, it is less efficient than in any other civilized country, since the Express Company lobby at Washington defeats all attempts to add a parcels post. But in spite of this and other temporary abuses, such as the excessive rent paid for mail-cars, and excessive transportation rates generally, the Post-Office is a marvelous example of convenience and

efficiency. In view of the tremendous volume of business transacted, it has always been singularly free from scandal. Such scandals as have been brought to light, are due to the Congress, and not to the conduct of the Post-Office Department itself. It is true that each year, the Post-Office shows a slight deficit, — slight in comparison with the whole expenditure, — but this could be wiped out instantly if the departments of the government paid the same postage as outsiders, or if the Congress would institute a parcels post and correct well-known abuses. An earnest attempt is now being made to accomplish these reforms. Yet this wonderful service, this wonderful efficiency, without which our American life could hardly go on, are the results of an enterprise conducted without any incentive of Profit, and by an army of men and women whose labor-power is not exploited.

Unendowed schools and colleges are another striking example of the same thing. It would be hard to find greater devotion and enthusiasm anywhere. Endowed schools and colleges and churches are essentially unsound and dishonest, since their very existence depends upon theft, upon stealing men's labor-power through the legal device of

Profit. As such, these institutions are an abomination, and in a more enlightened age will be so regarded.

In the second place, the grim work of production is at present conducted by persons who have not only no incentive in the way of hoped-for profits, but who have not even the incentive of a decent, sanitary subsistence. Yet the working people go right on, year after year, producing the great wealth which now floods the world. They are driven by a motive more powerful even than the hope of Profit. It is the Will to Live. It is grim necessity, — hunger and cold and nakedness. Sometimes I marvel that they should be willing to pay the price, should hold the game worth the candle. Since under these hard conditions, the working people go on working, yielding up the lion's share of all they produce to a class of useless profit-takers, it is hardly conceivable that production will halt, or even falter, when the working people get all they produce, and when all mature, able-bodied persons are workers. It would be more reasonable to believe that production would grow by leaps and bounds, until in very self-defense against so enormous a productivity, we should be obliged to cut down the working-

day, and increase that very precious thing, economic leisure. In this leisure, thought and invention would find their opportunity, and we should have still greater mechanical efficiency. It is safe to believe that the more economic leisure we had, the more we should gain.

And in the third place, if we cut out all unnecessary expenses, — all competition, advertising, military establishments, military pensions, suits-at-law, commissions, brokerage, and the like — and limited our industrial activities to the needful and important things; and if all our mature and able-bodied citizens worked their allotted time, — from twenty to fifty, or twenty-four to fifty-four, — the state could, without the least hardship to the actual workers, withhold enough of this great production to pension children and old people, mothers, invalids, and cripples, and still do great things in Education, and all public works of utility and beauty. No one pretends that the amount withheld by the most socially ambitious state, a state intoxicated with ideas of beauty and convenience and Education and public magnificence, could possibly equal the stupendous amount now withheld by private profit-takers. But even should the State withhold just

this stupendous amount, we would still be great gainers by the substitution ; for under our present arrangement, we do not take advantage of all the labor-power of the nation, we have our army of the unemployed, and we allow multitudes of our working people to do wholly trivial and unnecessary things. Furthermore, this scheme of social pensions would leave us no dependents. All would be properly cared for. Our personal income, whatever its dimensions, could be spent with a free conscience upon ourselves. It would no longer be possible to give gifts of money, — for no one would now need money, — but the more precious gifts of love and friendship and kindness and enlightenment would always be possible.

These are three reasons for believing that it would be entirely practicable to carry out the most ambitious programme of a socialized state, and each reason seems to me wholly convincing. But far-reaching and splendid as such a social programme is, it all depends upon one thing, upon our throwing over Profit, upon our becoming honest.

XXX

EDUCATION AND ECONOMICS

However differently we may read the signs of the times, the economic verdict is almost unanimous that competition, instead of being the life of trade, is in reality the source and upholder of business anarchy; and that monopoly, the modern trust, instead of being a bird of evil, is in reality the source and upholder of industrial stability. The Post-Office is a monopoly of the first order. Mr. Jay Gould is quoted as saying that he could run it better than the government does; but when one observes the practical operation of the telegraph companies, the American railroads, and especially the nearest rival to the Post-Office, the express companies, one would be very credulous to believe any such statement. Even with its hands tied by the Congressional lobbies of the express companies and the railroads, the Post-Office, as a legal monopoly, gives us such a wonderful service that no one in active life can fail to be daily grateful for it. The Standard Oil Company is credibly reported to be

a model of business management. It is almost a monopoly. One cannot feel the same gratitude to it as to the Post-Office, since the hundreds of millions of stolen labor-power naturally interfere with gratitude. But one can admire the remarkable efficiency of the instrument, and can see that the efforts of the Federal Government to break it up, and restore business anarchy, may be well-meant, but are certainly unintelligent.

Progress in any industry means a knowledge as wide as the field of the industry itself, an exact knowledge of the probable demands, and intelligent preparations to meet those demands. It means no surplus and no deficiency. This implies centralization, a monopoly, — in the end, that comprehensive, masterful thing known as a trust.

I return to the subject of trusts in order to point out that in the nationalization of Industry we might wisely begin with the most highly evolved, with those which have reached the actual trust stage or are ripe for such organization. The only defect in our present trusts is the profit element. In the matter of business organization, they are as nearly perfect as anything yet developed in the industrial world. To kill the profit element by suppressing the trust itself is as heroic a remedy as killing a

patient to free him from disease, or burning down houses in order to get roast pig. In taking over the trusts, the State eliminates the objectionable element, Profit, and preserves a valuable instrument. There are many ways in which the trusts may be justly taken over by the State. The trust is a conscious violation of Federal law. It is, moreover, built up out of stolen labor-power. On either count, the trust might with perfect justice and propriety be directly confiscated by the State. It is both contraband and stolen property. But confiscation is, at best, a harsh measure, and offends one's sense of brotherhood. The Federal confiscation of the slaves was righteous enough, but it was not expedient. It brought a train of evils in its wake from which America has not yet recovered.

The elimination of Profit need be the occasion for no bitterness. It must be remembered that we all consented to the scheme, the working-man whose labor-power was exploited, quite as much as the profit-taker who exploited it. And now that we see the real nature of Profit, that Profit is theft, we must in friendly council proceed to get rid of it.

In dealing with the trusts in this scientific way it might readily be enacted that any further transfer of stocks or bonds would be illegal and void;

and that when the present owners died, the State should inherit their holdings. In this way the transfer from private to public ownership would be accomplished gradually and peacefully, without hardship to any actual owner of such securities. His heirs would, of course, be disappointed. But if it be granted that the living owner had no defensible right to such securities, it would be a sentimentalism to allow him to say what shall be done with them after his death.

With all industries that have reached the monopoly stage in their development, taken over by the government, the minor industries might safely be left in the hands of coöperative groups, — left indeed until they had reached the stage of consolidation and were voluntarily handed over to government. The standard set in the government industries — the safety appliances, the wages, the working hours, and all the other details of the day of toil — would of necessity be followed by the coöperative industries. Since the government industries are bound to receive every applicant, and to guard against over-production by a constant decrease in the working hours, no coöperative industry could compete with the government in securing laborers, unless it offered as good or better induce-

ments. This natural safeguard would probably be all-sufficient; but if not, specific legislation could prohibit the work of children and young people and mothers, could designate the legal working-day and the minimum wage, could require adequate safety devices, and otherwise protect the workers even from their own intemperate zeal for toil and its returns.

The will to live is strong even among those who are wretched. It is stronger still in those who are well and happy and unafraid. It is safe to believe that in both government and coöperative industries, where the workers themselves determine the conditions, the abuses and dangers which now mark our current industry will be done away with *in toto*. In the absence of any possible Profit; in the absence of any possible over-production; in the presence of the old primal needs for food and clothes and shelter; in the presence of those newer needs created or strengthened by economic leisure, the need for recreation, for education, for research, for travel, for enlightenment, all industry would become what all industry ought to be, an Industry-for-Use. This transformation is impossible as long as men stick to Profit; it is inevitable as soon as they throw over Profit.

When Industry has been thus purified from Profit, and has become a genuine Industry-for-Use, it may properly join hands with Education. Both have the same superb concern for persons; both have the same end and purpose, — human welfare. They could not well avoid working together. Industry has performed the great service of freeing the children. Their living is assured, whether their parents are alive or dead, well or ill, prosperous or unfortunate, considerate or mercenary. A child's destiny may be limited by his heredity, but it may no longer be circumscribed by the accidents and caprice of fortune. Education is now for *all* children. She has the first twenty or twenty-four years at her command. With children well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, unharassed by poverty and fear, as the given material to work upon, Education in wise hands can do wonderful things in producing a race at once strong and beautiful and accomplished and good. No plan can be too ideal, no aspiration can be too lofty, for Education now stands in the presence of her proper inspirer, the Beyond-Man. It makes one's heart warm with the glow of a great enthusiasm, to think what may now be done, to realize that in a world freed from Greed, no detaining

hand of prudence and no false idea of the practical may now hold our people back from their attempt to be god-like.

Even with Profit dead, we still live in a world of three dimensions, a world of things as well as of ideas and emotions. It is a requisite condition of sound dealing with all the rest that we learn to deal soundly with things. Education would be incomplete and unsound if she did not deal with this three-dimensional world just as thoroughly as with the things of the intellect and of the spirit. She therefore does, unbidden, precisely what she would do if our Industry-for-Use drew up the curriculum. Education gives the children bodies which are strong and beautiful and accomplished. She develops their sense-organs and trains their faculties so that they may meet the outer world intelligently and with discrimination; may see it, touch it, hear it, taste it, smell it. The outer world is handled as something interesting and important, as something necessary to right thinking and acting and feeling. Gymnastics, manual training, drawing, music, nature-work, the estimation of distances, areas, volumes, and weights, analysis by smell and taste and color, are all included in her curriculum and are given as practically as Industry herself would

give them. All this is done because the outer world *is* interesting and important, and because it is this discriminating, quantitative knowledge of the outer world which brings increased brain-power.

When these broad and sure foundations have been laid, and the child has an accomplished organism to work upon, Education becomes avowedly vocational. It does this first of all from a purely educational motive. To know some one thing thoroughly is a necessity of any sound intellectual life. To get at the length and breadth and thickness of some one subject, or sub-division of a subject, is to acquire intellectual stability. The method once gained and a man is master, potentially, of all subjects. If there were no such thing as Industry, we would still have at the proper time a specializing in intellectual occupation. But Education is also frankly vocational for industrial reasons. At twenty or thereabouts, the time has come, and the foundations are there. With thirty years of necessary service ahead, and a spirit old enough to choose, it is highly important that our young person should be prepared to do his work well, to do it with intelligence, and therefore with joy. But here Education and Industry join in pointing out that, just as in school, where one does not go on

repeating the same old lesson after it has once been learned, so in a rational Industry one does not go on doing the same thing year after year. Rather, the industrial occupations change with the age and needs of the workers. It is possible to do this, where Industry exists for man, and not man for Industry. There may be some temporary loss in efficiency, but it is doubtful whether, in the long run, the added vitality and interest of the workers would not more than make good the early loss. In any case, the rotation of vocations would be followed, since a genuine Industry-for-Use would be educational as well as productively efficient.

One may properly sum it up by saying that when genuine Education and genuine Industry unite, all Education *is* industrial, and all Industry *is* educational. But this is wholly different from that premature Industrial Education which sacrifices Education, apparently without knowing it, and accepts an Industry-for-Profit, apparently without scrutinizing it. The educational problem is essentially economic. It cannot be separated from Industry. One can do little to renovate Education, and extend it over a proper period to all children, without first renovating Industry.

It is a hopeful sign that in the conduct of affairs we are more and more turning to trained economists for guidance. They are finding increasing place on our boards and commissions. They are coming to be the advisers of the President and of our State governors. When our colleges and universities are forced to seek new executive officers, they are turning less frequently than before to the doctors of divinity, and more frequently to students of government and economics. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Illinois, and Wisconsin, and other prominent American institutions, are illustrating this tendency. It is not accidental. If you accept the economic interpretation of history, it is unavoidable. The problem of Education and the problem of economics are inseparable. The educator who neglects economics is simply beating the air. If he honestly wants to revolutionize Education, he must first revolutionize Industry.

XXXI

IN CONCLUSION

It is, then, evident that in the renovation of Industry and the renovation of Education we have the one possible, practical solution of the problem of making daily life for the whole people decent, rational, and progressive. It was a false view of life which led educated persons to despise Industry and put it wholly out of their lives. It was an equally false view which led the workers to ignore Education, and content themselves with their resultant intellectual poverty. The way out is to make Education industrial in being practical, causational, and scientific, all along the line, as well as thoroughly cultural; and to make Industry educational in being helpful, developmental, and humanistic, as well as thoroughly efficient. When Education and Industry have the same superb concern for persons, have human welfare as their sole end and purpose, it requires no diplomatic violence to bring them together into a unit scheme of youthful and adult life. Only when Education and Industry go hand in hand; when strong, educated men make a decent,

honest living; when children and mothers and sick persons and gentle old people are adequately cared for; when family life is free from meanness and the fear of want; when marriage is clean and holy; when economic leisure makes art and science, philosophy and religion once more possible, — only when these things are, can the national life of America grow sweet and sound.

These are what the lovers of America desire. They are not extravagant desires. On the contrary, they are very simple and reasonable. But they would bestow the Earthly Paradise. This is what all men want. But they must pay the price, — they must renounce Greed; they must put on Brotherhood. They cannot get the Earthly Paradise through an Industry-for-Profit; through the gate of Privilege; through charities and eleemosynary debaucheries; through hatred and warfare; through an Industrial Education such as the children of the established order are now trying to make current. What men sow, they reap.

In my own eagerness to point the way to the Earthly Paradise, I have been led to offer a multitude of suggestions. It is hardly probable that the reader will accept all of them, or even perhaps the majority of them. But should they meet

the incomparable good fortune of leading his own thought to far wiser suggestions, that would be infinitely better than any amount of acceptance. The details of any great social plan can only be worked out, day by day, and on the ground; that is to say, in the very hearts and lives of actual men and women and children. One should be willing to leave these details to the surer logic of events. My own suggestions have not been made lightly, or with any doubt in my own heart; but I should be well content to have them all thrown aside, if only the major thesis remain, — *that social regeneration can only be brought about through the elimination of Profit.*

That seems to me the crucial point, — we must be honest. We must not steal our neighbor's labor-power any more than his goods. There was a time when we did it innocently. But now we know. All Profit is taking something for nothing. Gentlemen hesitate to do that openly, decline to do it personally from one another, would scorn to take anything from a woman or a child. Why then should they take anonymously from the poor! So long as we hold fast to this dishonesty, this taking of something for nothing, neither our individual nor our national life can be sweet and sound.

It is like nursing a secret sin. And the God who seeth in secret shall reward men openly.

Imagine yourself standing on the bank of a rapid and turbid stream. The whirling waters are cruel and tumultuous. All at once, they become horrible, for as you look intently you see that the speckled foam is made up of men and women and children. They are struggling and crying out and dying. Occasionally one reaches the shore, but most of them are swept on, helpless and despairing. You do not lend a hand, for you are a sociologist of the natural history order, bent upon studying things as they are, not upon altering them. But down on the shore, you see a crowd of people. Some are young and strong, some are middle-aged, many are old and infirm. There are men and women, even a stray child. They have in their hearts a great compassion. They are trying to save those in the pitiless, turbid waters. But they have inadequate means, and insufficient strength, and they cannot reach. They are making a brave effort. Some rush into the stream, and are themselves lost. Yet they accomplish few rescues, and in their great hearts sorrow sits alongside of compassion. The speckled foam on top of the pitiless turbid waters, — ignorant persons,

emaciated children, drunkards, prostitutes, tramps, vagrants, cripples, the unemployed, the tired-out, the worn-out, all the unspeakable wreckage of a Profit-driven toil, — all go racing on to the Sea of Death. Year after year, the terrible stream rushes on. The compassionate people grow old and weary, and pass away. Others come and take their places. But the task is more and more hopeless. The stream grows broader and deeper and more rapid. The horrible speckled foam increases.

Suddenly some of the compassionate people on the shore pause in their work, and then stop altogether. It has occurred to them to wonder what permanent disaster keeps up this supply of misery and degradation, and makes the swift stream of life turbid and unclean. Right at hand men and women and children are swept past them, struggling and crying out and dying; but those into whose hearts the wonder has come avert their eyes and stop their ears. Far up the stream they see something that holds them spell-bound. A great company of well-dressed, well-fed, cruel persons, — beautiful athletes, fair young girls, intellectual-looking men, comfortable, matronly women, dignified old gentlemen, kindly, benevolent old ladies — are busily engaged in throwing men and wo-

men and children into the rapid waters, — all the miserable ones who form that horrible speckled foam. The well-dressed company makes no distinctions: puny children, women about to become mothers, cripples, sick people, the aged are all tossed into the stream. It is no one's business whether they sink or swim. The well-dressed people do not throw them in with their own hands. They have well-constructed devices, by which they can do it more daintily than that, and a hundred or two at a time. Some of the well-dressed people have grown sensitive, and have hired others to work the devices, while they themselves move to a distance. From time to time they send lunch-baskets and a pot of tea to the compassionate people down the stream; sometimes they send good-sized cheques, drawn upon the well-constructed devices up-stream. They are not aware of the cruel irony of it all.

But the sturdy men and women who have given over the work of immediate partial rescue, and are marching up the bank to throttle the evil at its very source, are well aware of the irony and are bent upon putting a stop to it. Already the advance guard has its hands upon the well-constructed devices of the well-dressed, well-fed,

cruel persons, and soon these devices will be completely destroyed, and the human wreckage on the stream of life will be cut off at its source. The sturdy men and women who see the true significance of our Industry-for-Profit will not content themselves with an occasional individual rescue. They will see that so monstrous and unforgivable a disaster is not permanent.

The elimination of Profit is an immense revolution, greater perhaps than any that has yet shaken society to its very foundations. But it can be carried out without violence and without bloodshed. The thing to be got rid of is a creation of law. The way to get rid of it is through the counter-operation of a better law. The essential matter is to want to get rid of it.

Our crusade is not to press for specific methods of our own originating or espousing, but it is to enter individual hearts, to carry on a house-to-house campaign, to make individual profit-takers and individual working-men honestly desire the abolition of Profit because they see how mischievous and hideous a thing it is, and how utterly incompatible with the Earthly Paradise. It is a crusade of Education. The revolutionists in such a cause are not soldiers, — they are students.

And now, one word in conclusion. It is quite evident that this earnest, perhaps at times too-impassioned, appeal for Democracy and Coöperation is in reality the appeal of an aristocrat and an individualist. To many this will seem a grave defect, an incongruity which is calculated to rob such an appeal of any force which it might otherwise have. But instead of denying the fact, one may better vindicate it by pointing out that in this lies the strength and sanity of the whole movement. An aristocrat is a lover of excellence. If he seems exclusive, it is not because he closes the door; it is because the door is closed against him. He may decline to come down, to be ungracious in speech and manner and dress, to be vulgar and ill-bred in his attitude toward life, but he never omits to extend the invitation once graciously extended to him, the invitation to come up. The love of excellence is a fine contagion. It is communicated by contact with older and more advanced souls. Not in pride, but in gratitude, may a man call himself an aristocrat. But if a man is really an aristocrat, really a lover of excellence, he must desire excellence for others almost or quite as passionately as for himself. Democracy is the name of a social method. It is the open door of oppor-

tunity for all; it is the refusal to accept anything that others may not have their counterpart of, on the same terms. It would be a very barren method, indeed, if the open door led nowhere; if one must refuse excellence because the given terms — discipline, self-mastery, application — proved difficult or unwelcome terms to some.

There is much confusion here. Democracy is too often thought of as a social ideal of a less excellent sort; a shirt-sleeves, standardless world of uncouth speech, loutish manners, unbeautiful dress; a world in which culture is disparaged, art mocked, spiritual mountain-climbing discouraged. If Democracy meant this, it would be a most incongruous thing for a lover of excellence to busy himself with its furtherance. But happily Democracy does not mean this or anything like it. It is not the open door *into* this sort of thing, — it is the open door *out* of it. Democracy is not a social end. The mere opportunity to do as you please does not lead necessarily to a well-ordered and well-bred world. There must be mixed with it the love of excellence, that essential characteristic of the aristocrat. At most, Democracy is a method, a specific social organization of a somewhat advanced sort, in which every man is free to reach

after the largest measure of excellence the human heart can aspire to.

Interpreted in this fashion, Democracy is the proper and necessary cult of an aristocrat. He wants the open door of opportunity for himself; he wants to find no walls of privilege across his own path. As a just man, he wants this same good for others. But he also wants it as a practical man. He suffers every day from the lack of excellence in the world around him. He knows that no man travels much ahead of his own day and generation, and that to be really excellent, he must be a member of a community which is excellent. He knows that we are more or less bound together in a common destiny. As a condition, as a social *milieu*, no one wants a Democracy quite so passionately as the aristocrat, but he wants it as made fruitful through the working out of high ideals.

Much the same thing may be said for the individualist urging coöperation. He is consistent and practical. But he does not urge coöperation as a goal. That would be to exalt the machinery of life into an end in itself. What one wants is the fruit of coöperation, the largest possible freedom from the tyranny of things, the tyranny of cold

and hunger and nakedness; and as a result of this freedom, the largest measure of economic leisure in which to live the full life of an individual. Like Democracy, coöperation would be a meaningless term, if one rested there. It is not coöperation, but what coöperation makes possible, that we all want.

It would be a dull world if individualism were effaced, or even blunted. It is the common mistake of teachers and social reformers generally to seek too great uniformity. I made just this mistake in the early days of my own teaching. I tried to make all my boys over, and after the same model. I wanted them all to become the same type of man that I myself was striving to be. After some years, — how many, I am ashamed to say, — I made two great discoveries: first, that it was impossible, and secondly, that had it been possible, it would have been altogether tragic and dreadful. It is a far more interesting world as it is, and it would be still more interesting, if our individualism were more fully developed. It is the unlike poles of a magnet which attract each other. There are thousands of types, all desirable, all adding to the possibilities of artistic and social and scientific achievements, all adding to the blessed interestingness of life.

Coöperation, let me repeat, is a method. It is the splendid pulling together of a multitude of people; but if it is coöperation at its best, it is a pulling towards as many interesting individual goals as there are people pulling. Through coöperation we can get many things that we could not get without coöperation; but the things are not the goal; they are merely *en route*. What we spend the things for is the real question, and happily that is essentially and supremely individualistic.

If the elimination of Profit, and this whole propaganda for decency, Education, and an Industry-for-Use, led us in the end to a Democracy of the shirt-sleeves, standardless sort, and to a coöperation which aimed to make all citizens as much alike as so many little tin soldiers, the price would be excessively high. Our old profit-taking world, in spite of its many sins, would be more interesting and more desirable. There are many high-minded persons, I think, who fight shy of all attempts to pull down the walls of privilege, because beyond those walls they picture a desert of dull unmannerliness and dull uniformity. I have been trying to show that without the walls of privilege we would have a vastly fairer world, an Earthly Para-

dise; that the lover of excellence, and the appreciator of individualism would find in the democratic open, and in the rich harvests of coöperation, the very opportunity that he most wants — the opportunity to be his largest self.

Deep down in the human heart there is a profound sentiment which is abiding and incorruptible. It is the sentiment of Justice. It may be trifled with, outraged, denied, but it can never be wholly stifled. It is this sentiment of Justice which cries out against a social arrangement in which so many of our people get something for nothing; in which so many of them appropriate the fruits of the industry of others. It is Justice which denies the validity of Profit. It is Justice which scorns an industrial education that seeks to extend and perpetuate Profit. It is Justice which attempts to pull down our present Industry-for-Profit, and in its stead to inaugurate an Industry-for-Use. And this must always be the major argument against Profit and all its works — that unimpeachable, unanswerable argument expressed once for all in the terse language of the Decalogue: *Thou shalt not steal.*

We may deny for a time the sentiment of Justice. We may prefer the convenience of having

other people work for us. But it is not the path to happiness. A lover of excellence, an aristocrat, may busy himself with the culture of his own powers, and may try to shut out everything else. But it is a vain effort. The outer discords penetrate to the heart of his seclusion, and when he stirs abroad, he is fairly smitten by the ugliness and vulgarity of a world essentially dishonest. He finds beauty in very few persons, in very few human habitations. If he would have it in a broad free way, he must turn to Nature, to Nature as yet undisfigured by man. He must turn to sea and sky and forest and field. Here he will find superb beauty and solace, but he will also find loneliness. In the world of persons, he will find a few who are beautiful and well-bred, who speak the truth, and seek, with him, the paths of excellence. But these persons do not live in the same block, in the same quarter, in the same city, in the same countryside. They are only here and there, oases in a deplorable desert of vulgarity. It is not alone the vulgarity in speech, and manner, and dress, which so offends the aristocrat; it is, still more, the unforgivable vulgarity of soul, the ugly attitude towards life of those who are 'on the make'; the willingness to sell anything they possess if only the price be high enough;

the eager hunt for profits of all sorts; the refusal to believe in disinterestedness; the constant suspicion of ulterior motives.

Such a world is not a beautiful world, not in any sense excellent. It is essentially cheap and vulgar. And it is not cheap and vulgar because it is democratic. It is cheap and vulgar because it is not democratic, because it does not offer the open door and free opportunity for the exercise of those impulses which are after all the most abiding impulses of the human heart, the impulses towards beauty and excellence and perfection. It is a cheap and vulgar world because it is rendered cowardly by the fear of want. Men are afraid to let go, lest they go under. Others have gone under, many of them, and the remembrance of the manner of it is not pleasant. In a world essentially dishonest, men are habitually on the defensive, — life is spoken of as a struggle. Men on the defensive are apt to be unmannerly and ill-bred and vulgar. Good-breeding is the entire attitude towards life, the whole color of the man's life; and its chief characteristics are openness and sincerity. Men seeking to get a business advantage, seeking to get something for nothing, can hardly be open and sincere. They must be

forever trying to make the worse appear the better reason. Such a world cannot be other than vulgar and dishonest and ill-bred.

If the aristocrat revolts against the hideousness and vulgarity which he finds on all sides of him, against the insidious vulgarity which would creep even into his own soul, he is but playing the part of a man. The time for manly protest has come. Shall Americans be known as persons who are indifferent to beauty and breeding, who are vulgar and grasping, careless of the nicer values and accuracies of life, and intent only upon a good bargain? Or shall they be known to themselves and to the nations as the true lovers of excellence and brotherhood, genuine aristocrats, who care so much for the Earthly Paradise that they are even willing to pay the required price, — the price of perfect honesty? The answer to this question rests with you and me, and upon our answer depends the future of America.

As Tolstoy says, we will do anything for the people, except get off their backs. We stay on their backs through the institution of Profit — through rent and interest and dividend. But there are many indications of a coming change. On every hand, one sees the signs of an immense

spiritual awakening. Privilege is being called in question. Well-established abuses are being recognized as the things they are. A new Emancipation Proclamation is taking shape in the hearts of men. We shall not always be masters and slaves. Soon we shall be brothers. Even now, in the midst of all our suffering and social uncertainty, those who look in the right direction may already see the luminous promise of the Dawn.

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